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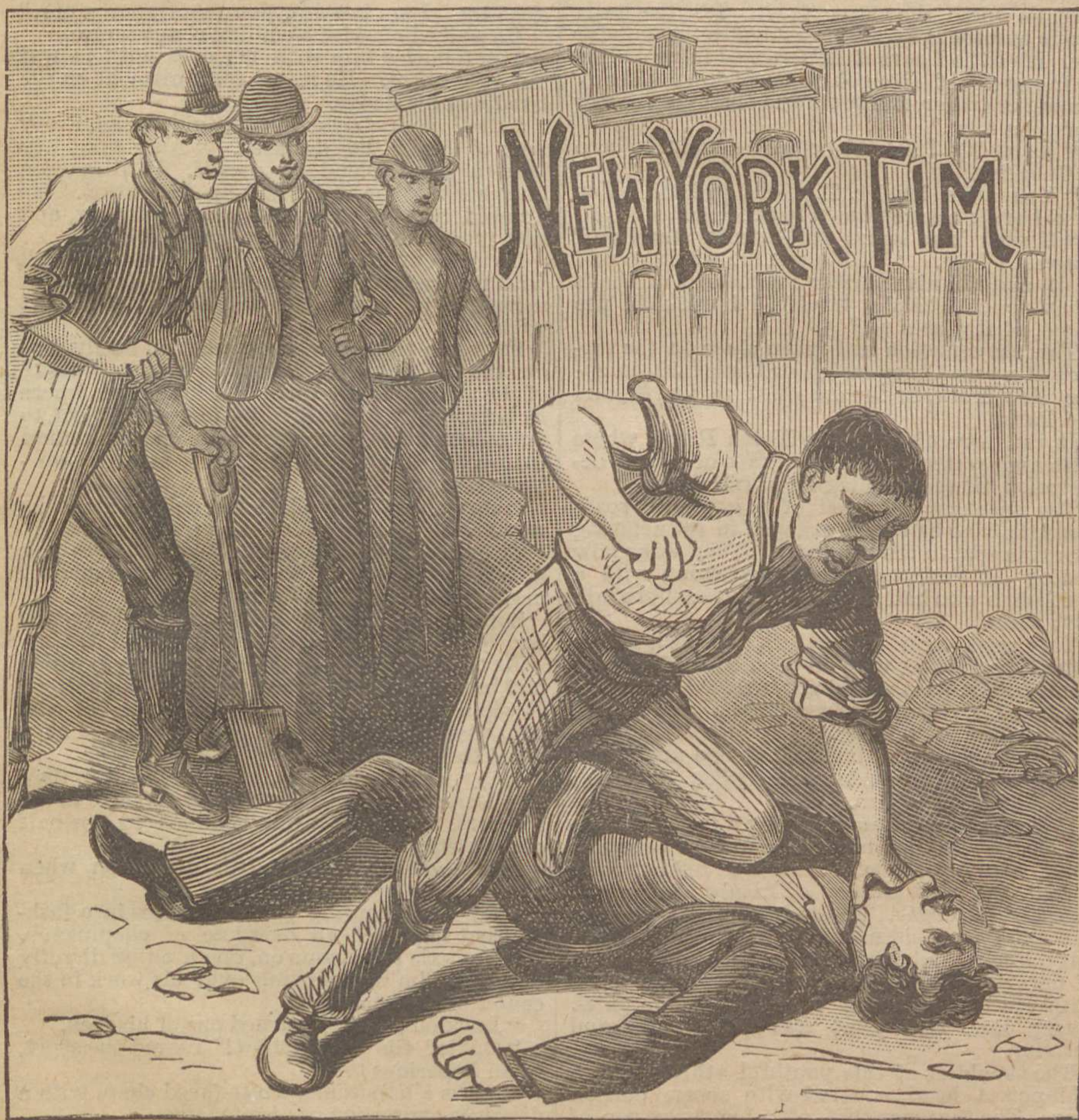
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"ENOUGH! ENOUGH! OH, LET ME UP!" CRIED THE VANQUISHED SPORT,

New York Tim;

OR,

THE BOYS OF THE BOULEVARD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,
AUTHOR OF "WIDE-AWAKE JOE," "JOLLY JIM,"
"DICK DASHAWAY," "FRED HAL-
YARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE SWING OF A SLEDGE.

"I TELL yeés, boys, that one man's jist as good as another."

"And better too, sometimes."

"That's 'cordin' how he behaves hisself. Ye might rowl a chap in money, and he'd never be a cent's worth the better for 't. It's the heart inside and the skin outside as makes the man fur me. It's little I care if he's dressed in goold-lace or in rags. Af I've got to kneel down till any human crayther, it'll be till an honest man sooner nor till a king."

"Hoorra fur Tim! Faix an' he ought to been in Congress."

"You are a leveler, Tim, out and out. You would bring all men down to one line."

"Honesty's a sound platform to stand on," answered Tim. "Ye kin put the whole wureld on it, and it'll niver break down. An' af that's what ye call bein' a leveler, I'll stick till the name, af it pl'ases ye."

This conversation had taken place on the surface of a broad open street, or boulevard, in upper New York, in the unsettled region beyond the Park.

It ran here close by the North River, whose glistening waters, dotted by craft of every description, flowed rippling by in full view.

The speakers consisted of a group of road-menders, who had been engaged in re-surfacing a broken spot in the roadway. They were now resting on their tools, and conversing with a gentleman who had stopped for a moment to talk with them.

This gentleman was a tall, dignified, white-haired personage, with an open and benevolent countenance. He was plainly dressed, in an old-fashioned style, and rested upon a gold-headed cane as he stood talking.

Of the group of laborers, but one merits description—the roadside philosopher who had been addressed as Tim.

If a sculptor had been seeking a model for an Apollo, he need not have gone further than this erect, straight-limbed, stalwart fellow, who looked the very picture of manly beauty and muscular strength. If his body had been cast in a mold it could not have been more perfect. His motions had in them the unconscious grace of nature. His bare arms and breast swelled with the firm muscles of a young Hercules. Every limb and joint was full of life and activity.

The shoulders of this youthful athlete bore a well-poised head, covered with short, curling hair. The face was that of a handsome son of Erin. It was an earnest and thoughtful, yet

frank and open countenance. The eyes were quiet, yet there was a concealed fire in their depths, and a look of resolution in the lines of the mouth.

Altogether Tim seemed born to be the leader of a band of patriots, instead of a stone-breaker on a New York roadway.

"Come, Tim, you're a sort of a philosopher," said the gentleman, with a laugh. "Honesty and work are the two things that move the world."

"True for you, Mr. Effingham," answered Tim, lifting his heavy sledge in his hand as if it had been a feather. "Or at l'aste they should be. But jist nowadays I've a notion as it's money makes the mare go."

Down came the heavy hammer with a crushing blow on the stone at his feet.

Mr. Effingham laughed again.

"You're not a light-head, anyhow. Well, good-by. I am keeping you from your work."

He walked on with a smiling countenance.

Tim followed him with his eyes until he was out of ear-shot. He rested for a moment on the handle of his sledge.

"I tell yeés, boys, *that's* a gintleman, every inch o' him," he declared. "And faix, he's been a good friend to meself. He'd made a marchant o' me if I'd had an iddication. He knowed me family in the ould cuntry, and sure it was niver one to be ashamed of."

Down went the sledge again. It rose and fell with the regularity of clock-work. Its weight seemed to be nothing to the strong arm that wielded it.

For some time now work went on busily, under the leadership of Tim, who was the "boss" of the gang. There was no shirking work where he led the way. Though he did not object to moments of rest, yet every man under him had to do a fair day's work or make way for somebody who would.

Honesty was Tim's platform, and the men who work on that platform need no watching.

They had been engaged all day in breaking up a heap of blocks into fragments suitable for making a smooth, hard surface.

Some of the gang spread the material over the bad spot in the road as others prepared it.

As the day went on the few carriages which had been driving past became more numerous. It was a favorite drive for the young bloods, who wished to give their horses a burst at a speed that was not permitted in the Park.

Many went by at a racing pace, though they all sheered to the side of the road opposite to the laborers, whose work was confined to one-half of the roadway.

It was growing late in the afternoon when two young sports came rattling up.

They were shouting to their horses in a fashion that indicated an overdose of champagne. Axle to axle they came on, one heading directly to where Tim was bending over his work in the center of the boulevard.

"Look out, Tim!" warned one of his men.

"Out of the way, fellow!" roared the sport, in an imperious tone.

He was a handsome, white-faced chap, with a dissolute expression of countenance.

"Turn out!" cried Tim, rising and waving

his hand to the roadside. "We've got the right o' way here, and we'll kape it."

His hot blood was roused by the commanding tone of the other.

"I'll see you shot first! Slide, or down goes your house!"

The hard-trotting gray was within two strides of the statue-like laborer. Tim's lips were compressed and his eyes flashed fire, while his iron grasp almost cut into the hard hickory of his sledge handle.

A fiery impulse seized him to bring the iron maul down on the head of the flying steed, as he sprung lightly aside, just in time to prevent being trodden to the earth.

The heavy weapon was raised and poised, quivering in his strong right hand. But, he could not let it fall. The beast was not to blame.

A derisive and insulting laugh burst from the lips of the sport, and was echoed by his wild competitor in the race.

He laughed too soon. The insult raised Tim's anger to the boiling point. With a sweeping stroke, just as the light vehicle was whirling past, the heavy hammer caught the steel rim of the slender hind wheel and broke through it as if it had been a cobweb. The fellows gave way like thread before the blow. The firm steel axle bent like a cow's horn.

The wheel, which an instant before seemed strong enough to bear a giant's weight, was now a mass of twisted steel and splintered wood.

Down came the crippled vehicle to the hard road-bed with a surge that sent its occupant flying through the air.

It had all passed in a second. The horse, frightened by the catastrophe, plunged violently forward.

"Catch that horse!" cried Tim sternly to the driver of the other vehicle, whose face had grown white with alarm.

He turned to look after the victim of his hasty act, with a sudden revulsion of feeling. What if the man was killed? A sickening shudder ran through Tim's strong limbs at the thought.

A single glance reassured him.

The unlucky sport had been flung directly into the group of laborers, who were huddled together in a scared knot. His head had struck on the shaggy breast of one of these fellows, knocking him prostrate, but breaking his own fall.

Yet he by no means escaped scot free. He picked himself up, covered with dust, the knees of his pants torn, the buttons ripped from his coat, and his nose skinned and bleeding, where it had plowed over the rough surface.

He presented a pitiable object as he stood there, scared and shivering, soiled and bleeding, while a fury was rising in his heart, and gleaming from his eyes.

Some of the more reckless of the laborers showed an inclination to laugh; the wiser heads looked serious. This was no child's play. Tim might get into trouble. One of them commenced to brush off the young man's clothes, muttering ejaculations as he did so.

"Sure and ye're not much hurted. Only

skinned a thrifle and a few specks o' dust. Ye kin thank the Lord, young chap, that yer ugly timper ain't brought ye intil His presence this minit. It were only Blue Mike there as saved ye."

Meanwhile Tim stood, resting his hand on the handle of his sledge, like a statue of Hercules resting on his club. His face was stern and set. Though he foresaw dangerous consequences, his anger had by no means evaporated. He faced the young sport's glowering looks with steady eyes.

"By all that's good, I'll have satisfaction for this, if there's law in New York," muttered the furious sport. "You've played your trick on the wrong man this time, you infernal stone-smasher. Do you know who I am?"

"Faix af I niver know I'll shed no tears," replied the sturdy athlete. "Ye're a bloody upstart, as ain't got half what ye deserve. *That fur yer law!*" He snapped his fingers in contempt. "The law purtects workmen at their duty, and ye're enthirely in the wrong, young chap, as ye're likely to find out."

"We'll see about that!" roared the furious man. "I am Spencer Baily. Maybe you have heard that name. My father is worth his million. Money can buy law, my chap! I'll have revenge if I have to take your heart's blood!"

A moment's pulse of dread ran through Tim's stout heart, though no sign of it appeared on his face. He knew well the power of money. And he knew the name also. He knew it was borne by a man without conscience and without scruple. He felt that he had made a powerful and dangerous enemy. But, there was no show of this in his proud answer.

"And my name's Tim Finnigan. Mebbe ye've heerd of that. I'd giv' ye my card af I had one handy. I'm a solid son of ould Ireland, wid a pedigree as long as yer own, and I fear no blustherin' upstart as prasumes on his daddy's dirty cash."

A short laugh broke from Tim's set lips. It was a laugh with more of scorn than mirth in it.

During this conversation several other carriages had driven up. Some of them were brought to a halt, their occupants curiously surveying the dilapidated figure of young Baily, and listening with interest to the conversation.

Baily's competitor in the race now returned, having caught and checked the frightened horse.

"Jump in here, Spencer," he called out. "Your nag is at the Friendly, ahead. No use bandying words with that ruffian. The law will avenge this outrage."

"I'll have satisfaction, if I die for it," muttered Baily, white with passion.

"Faix an' now ye're talkin' like a man," cried Tim, delightedly. "I'm ready to give ye a man's satisfaction, wid pistols, or shillalabs, or fists, as ye pl'ase; and at any distance, from tin paces to a fut. Ye've got as much bone and muscle as meself." Tim surveyed admiringly the fine proportions of his antagonist. "Say the word, and we'll go intill the field ayant, and have it out in r'ale best-man fashion. Man to man, and no odds. We kin depind on every sowl here to see fair play."

There was a glad ring in Tim's voice. He really seemed to fancy that his antagonist would jump at such a proposition.

In fact Baily, who had a high opinion of his own strength and skill in the manly art, looked as if half-inclined to accept the challenge. He was too angry to wait the slow redress of the law.

"Come, come, Spencer," cried his friend. "You would make a pretty figure fighting with a blackguard. If you want any of *that* sort of work, wait until you have a gentleman to deal with. Jump in. Look at the fellow. He has the sinews of a giant. You would be a mere baby in his hands."

This argument had the opposite effect to that intended. This depreciation of his ability, on which he prided himself, doubled the rage of the athletic young fellow.

"By Jupiter, I don't believe it. There's not a road-hopper in New York that I can't handle. I've a mind to prove it by accepting the fellow's challenge. I'll go you a ten I can polish him down in five minutes."

"Twenty to ten you can't do it," cried the other, always ready for a bet.

A general laugh and burst of approving voices followed.

"Sure, and that's r'asonable," broke in Tim. "I tr'ated the young gintleman a bit rough. I'm contint to give in till that. But, af it's *the law* he wants he'll find it's on my side, fer a road-mender's *allers* got the right of way. But fur a gintleman's satisfaction, fist to fist, and first knock-down wins, I'm yer man. Or, we'll not end widout a sound b'atin', af ye prefer it. There's the field ayant. And af I ain't got money in me pocket, I'm of good ould stock, as 'll niver disgrace ye to thry a round wid."

"It is a bargain," cried Baily, with furious eagerness. "That twenty is mine, Jack!"

"I'll double, if you say the word."

"Double it is, then."

The young man had been trained under professors of the art of self-defense, and he shrewdly fancied that in a fair boxing match the strength of the awkward laborer would be of no use to him. He counted on knocking him out of time, and pounding his face to a jelly before he could recover.

His lip curled with ill-concealed hope of triumph as he accepted the challenge.

The gentlemen present left their horses to their grooms, and followed the antagonists to the field.

Baily's nose was washed of its blood and plaster applied. He then stripped for the mill. Tim had no occasion to strip. He was already in fighting gear.

A ring was quickly formed, half of gentlemen, and half of laborers with the two antagonists in the center.

CHAPTER II.

THE HEROES OF THE RING.

THE sun just then passed under a cloud. A breath of air stirred up to temper the sultriness of the atmosphere. The conditions for the mill were admirable.

There was little danger of interference by the

police. In this unbuilt-up region the patrolmen were few and far apart. Each had a considerable district to cover in his rounds.

The ring was an odd assortment of humanity. Half of it was made up of gentlemen, dressed in fine stuffs, of fashionable cut, with delicate features, well-cared-for hair and beard, and hands as white as a lady's. The other half was made up of laborers: bronzed, ill-featured, begrimed fellows, shaggy of hair and beard, and half dressed, in soiled and frayed clothing. Their horny hands and sun-blackened arms were emblems of the out-door sons of toil.

The contrast between the two men in the ring was as great. Yet Tim, in his way, was as handsome a man as his antagonist. And there was a frank, proud, self-poised look in his bronzed face that showed favorably beside the tigerish cunning and cruelty that rage had brought out in the face of his foe.

In form they were not an ill-match. Young Baily, though rather shorter than his antagonist, was as stout, and well put together. His movements showed that he was quick and nimble. And he had received a thorough training in athletic sports that gave him a considerable advantage over Tim. The muscles of the latter were hard as iron, but they had not been trained in the work of the ring.

"Faix and ye're more of a man nor I thought ye," declared Tim, with a joyful look. "Now this is what I call a gintlemanly and old-fashioned way o' settlin' our little diffikilty. But s'pose ye hurry, sir, fur we've our day's work to finish."

"Your day's work will be finished when I am done with you, my man," said Baily sourly.

"Mebbe so. Ye're a nate bit o' bone an' sinew, I'll admit that. Will ye shake hands fu'st; jist to show as there's no malice?"

"No. For there is malice. You've insulted me, you dirty blackguard, and I'm going to punish you for it."

"Say the word thin, an' be done wid yer talk. Is it to be a square stand-up, an' knock down; or a b'atin' till ayther one or t'ither of us flings up the sponge?"

"You'll know better when I've done with you. Square yourself, you Irish rapparee."

"Sure an' I'll niver be ashamed that I was born in ould Ireland. An' gintlemen there don't go intill a mill, and talk like blackguards. I've been brung up better nor that, thank the Vargin!"

Baily's answer to this was to spring forward and deliver a tremendous blow from the shoulder, that might have floored his antagonist had he been taken unawares.

But Tim was mistrustful of treachery. His strong left arm easily warded the blow. His right dealt back a return that Baily neatly stopped, though not without a stinging scrape of his ear.

The fight was fairly begun. For several minutes now the antagonists stood up squarely to the work, and delivered blows at each other with vim and energy.

If Tim was the stronger of the two, the scientific training of his foe gave him an advantage. The Irishman was awkward with his fists, and only saved his face from a severe

punishment by the rapid thrashing about of his arms.

As it was, Baily got in three hits to his one.

Tim stood firm as a rock on his legs, his face set and stern, his eyes gleaming.

A half-smile marked Baily's face, but it was a smile with more cruelty than sunshine in it. He fancied that he had his foe at his mercy, and was already gloating over his revenge.

Instead of standing motionless like Tim, he sprung about like a cat, now darting in a blow to the right, now to the left, now feinting, now springing back, now darting forward.

They were like the bull and the *matador*.

Ned had received several hard blows, but none had stirred him from his firm stand.

Cries of encouragement came from the ring. The gentlemen took Baily's side, the laborers backed Tim.

"Give it to him, Spence. Rattle the rascal. He deserves a sound beating."

"Moind yer eye, Tim, lad. Ye've got the honor of the ould sod to sustain. Nivir fear the science of the dom'd 'ristocrat. Ye've got bot-tom, an' that's better."

Other carriages had drawn up, attracted by the unusual spectacle. The throng of spectators was increasing.

At this moment Baily, annoyed by the unyielding resistance of his antagonist, made a feint, and then ran in and delivered a heavy blow under Tim's guard. It turned out differently from what he intended.

Tim, in fact, had fully perceived that he was overmatched in the art of boxing. The vigorous effort to save his face would worry him out in time. It was necessary to adopt some new tactics.

His mind was made up with lightning quickness. Instead of seeking to ward Baily's blow he braced himself to receive it. It fell on his broad breast with a weight that sent him a step or two backward.

But at the same instant he took advantage of the unguarded condition of his foe. A swipe of his right hammered down Baily's left arm. His own left shot out with a sledge-hammer blow. The hard fist took Baily in the forehead ere he could recover from the impetus of his own movement.

In an instant he was lifted from his footing, driven backward, and dashed like a broken twig to the ground.

"Enough! enough! Oh, let me up! I'm a dead man!"

"Faix an' I'd been a dead man in airnest afore ye'd got that much out o' me. Up wid ye then. And beware how ye come crowin' over a dacent Irishman at his honest work again."

Tim sprung lightly to his feet, and stood erect and supple as a young oak tree.

In a few moments more all the gentlemen but one or two had driven off. Tim stood his ground, surrounded by his friends, some of them with scared, some with proud faces.

"By the Rock o' Cashel, but ye did for him, Tim boy!" cried one of the latter. "Grit's better nor science, ony day. Ye'd be fit to go intill the prize ring, my hearty, af ye'd on'y had trainin'."

"The only prize ring I want is the ring of

hammer on stone," answered Tim, proudly. "Sorry I'd be to git a repitation as a fighter. We guv an' took like men, anyhow, and I hope that's the end on't."

"Don't flatter yourself with any such idea," said one of the gentlemen who remained behind, a good-looking, open-faced young man. "You don't know Spencer Baily. You served him right, I admit, but his threat of revenge is no idle vapping. You must look out for yourself."

"Sure an' I'm not afeard of the law, af there's justice done."

"I fear he will not be content with the law. He has surer ways of obtaining revenge. Cash will buy more than beef in this city. It you take my advice you will make yourself scarce from around here."

"I'll not do it! I've my livin' to make. And I fear no man as long as I do an honest day's work."

The gentleman shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

"I admire your spirit, my good fellow," he said. "I'd feel the same way if I was in your place. You have punished a ruffian, and a blackguard as he deserved. Here's my card. If you get into trouble don't fail to call on me. But, take my advice. Get cut of the way for the present. Put yourself into hiding until your enemy shows his hand. He may arrest you and bring packed evidence against you."

Tim stood looking at the card as his new friend drove off. It bore the name of Lewis Hamilton, 159 East Twentieth street.

CHAPTER III.

A BIT OF OLD ERIN.

It was the evening of the day in which the events narrated in the preceding chapters had occurred.

Daylight yet reigned, however. These were the long evenings of summer, in which the sun is in no haste to go down.

In a locality between the boulevard and the river was a group of rude huts—they could scarcely be called houses. They were on a rough piece of ground, strewn with bowlders, and broken into hills and hollows.

Each of them had its bit of garden, inclosed with a tumble-down fence. Many of them also had rude pens, inhabited by squalling porkers.

It seemed like a village from one of the poorer districts of Ireland, transported and set down bodily in New York. All that was wanted was the green of the Emerald Isle, in place of the dusty gray and brown of the city suburbs.

One of these crazy cottages showed marks of a more delicate taste than the others. It was grown over with green vines, while the red flush of roses gleamed in its tiny garden.

At the corner of the fence stood as tight and bright a specimen of genuine Irish beauty as could be found this side of the waters. It was a girl of some eighteen years of age, with rosy cheeks, dancing eyes and lips of coral red. Her flaxen hair fell in sunny ringlets over her shoulders.

Her form was short and round, yet erect and neatly proportioned. The soiled and sorry

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dress that clothed her could not conceal the grace of her movements nor the harmony of her outlines. Attired in silk she would have been adjudged a beauty of the first water.

"To think o' the shame o' it, Tim!" she cried to her companion, whose name will introduce him to the reader. "To think o' Tim Finnigan gittin' into a blackguard fight! Sure, and I'd niver ha' dr'amed the thing of ye."

"Ye'd niver ha' seen me, Kathleen, darlint; but I couldn't kape away from ye in me misery," Tim earnestly declared. "I'm a sorry object to look at, I know. But I couldn't help it—'dade I couldn't."

His face, indeed, was a sad spectacle. It had been washed of blood and plastered up, but the eyes were puffed out and purple, the nose swollen, the lips cut and distended, while there was scarce a square inch of countenance that had not its slip of sticking-plaster.

"I'd like to have me two hands in the villain's hair!" cried Kathleen, with a sudden revulsion of feeling. "I'd t'ache him to come here and slaughter a dacent boy like this!"

She laid her hand on Tim's shoulder, and looked into his eyes with a loving sympathy that brought a flash of pleasure into the honest fellow's eyes.

"Faix an' af ye see'd him ye'd say I was an angel o' beauty," laughed Tim. "I've left me mark on his purty face, Kathleen, till his own mither 'd niver know him."

"So the boys tould me," broke in the girl, with a new anxiety clouding her bright eyes. "An' they say he's rich; and threats revenge. Oh, Tim, Tim, ye're in throuble I dread! They'll be havin' ye in prison at the very paste."

"Take comfort, avourneen. They daresn't try it. He begun it hisself. An' the fight was a square one, with witnesses a-plenty."

"He's rich, and ye're poor." Her voice was full of anxiety. "There wasn't a man on the road wid ye but he'll buy to swear away your liberty. Oh, darlint! It's in sad throuble ye are. Ye must fly and hide from the police. This very minit they're arter ye I sadly dread."

"The boys, Kathleen? Now don't ye be blatherin' sich nonsense. The boys is thru to the heart."

"So is a rotten pratie, till ye git to the middle, and there ye find the black spot. Ye're too thrustin' inthirely. Ye must go, avick; and wid the prayers o' yer own sweetheart to go wid ye."

"Niver a step," he stoutly replied. "I'll face them boldly. The law has no terror for an honest man."

"An honest fool!" came a severe voice at his elbow. "What is honesty against money in these days, you jack? You'll do as the girl says. She's got double your wit."

Tim turned quickly to face the speaker who had come up so silently.

He saw a carriage at some distance off. Before him stood a young man with a stern and energetic countenance, yet an open and upright look. It was a face that one would trust without question. The features resembled those of the gentleman who had talked with Tim that afternoon.

"Mr. Effingham!" cried Tim in surprise.

"Just so. Father had a talk with you to-day. Here I am to-night. And, by the Old Harry, I'd never have known you with that face. You're a picture for a photograph. I'm astonished that this pretty lass can call such a figure as you her sweetheart."

Kathleen blushed as red as a rose, but her honest eyes bent not before the laughing looks of the stranger.

"His face 'll heal ag'in, Mr. Effingham, af that's your name," she answered with a courtesy. "It's niver the face that I'm in love wid, but the sound conscience that's widin it, and the thrue heart that b'ates in Tim's bosom."

"A mighty neat sentiment," answered Mr. Effingham, with an approving nod. "This foolish fellow can thank his lucky stars that he's got as pretty and as sensible girl as you to fight his battles. I've got one word for your private ear. If Tim has got his mark he's made his mark. He has cut Baily's face into mince-meat. He won't dare to show it in society for a month to come."

"Good for you, Tim," cried she enthusiastically, squeezing her big lover's hand. "I'd never forgive ye af ye'd let the omadhaun whip ye."

"He might ha' kilt me, Kathleen. He couldn't ha' whipped me."

"Come, come," cried their visitor impatiently. "Do you think I've driven out here at a breakneck pace for nothing? You've raised a deuce of a time in New York, you rascal. It's spread everywhere that a rich young gentleman has been set on and half-murdered by a ruffian. You don't know the man you have stirred up. He'll move heaven and earth for revenge. He'll buy judge, jury, and witnesses. You'll be arrested and railroaded to the penitentiary. The police are likely after you this minute. Fly at once. There is the river. Take boat across to Jersey."

"You're a gentleman, Mr. Effingham," cried Tim, gratefully. "Ye an' your father both. I'll not soon forgit ye fur this."

"Out on that, Tim! We hate the Bails like poison, and would stand on our heads to circumvent them. Do you know how old Baily made his millions?"

"How should I know the like of that?"

"He began it by robbing my father. There was a rich estate which fell to my father by will. But Baily destroyed the evidence and took it himself under an older will. That is the foundation of his fortune."

"The Virgin protect us!" Tim held up his hands in astonishment. "An' ye sot down an' tuk it 'asy?"

"Suppose you tell us, my sharp fellow, what else was to be done. However, we are not taking it so easy now. We have found reason to believe lately that the will is still in existence. Baily did not destroy it because he couldn't. It is in the hands of another man, and our millionaire is under that man's thumb."

"The saints be gude to us! An' af ye know so much I prasume ye know who's got it, thin?"

"Not much. It's only a suspicion, you see, from certain odd doings of old Baily. I tell you this, Tom, because we may want help in finding

who that mysterious person is, and I fancy you may be the man to help us."

"I'll sell my heart's blood for Mr. Effingham. I'll never furgit what he's done for me."

"Thanks. This is a dead secret, remember. And you too, my girl?"

"Niver a word of it'll I've my lips," protested Kathleen.

"There, that's talk enough; now for work. When I found what was afoot, Tom, I took a carriage and drove out here like sin. There's not a minute to lose. Strike for the North River and a boat. Put yourself across the tide. When you find a hiding-place write to me, and I will keep you posted. Spry, my hearty! Push him away, my pretty one, if you don't want your sweetheart in a dungeon."

He hurried across the rough ground to his carriage, leaving the lovers in a state of lively alarm.

Within two minutes more he had sprung into the carriage, and was driving away at a rapid pace.

Tim looked at Kathleen, Kathleen looked at Tim.

"What's to be done, Kathleen?"

"Ain't that perlite gintleman jist tould ye?"

"But where shall I get a boat to cross the river?"

"There's Mickey Malone, the fisherman. Ye've done him mony's the gude turn. He'll niver refuse ye."

"Faix an' ye've got yer wits yit. Af I git cut off from the river, I'll ax ye to hide me. Good-by, Kathleen, and kape this to remember me."

If Kathleen didn't want to be kissed she should have been quicker to prevent it, for Tim had kissed her pouting lips before an eye could wink, and was running off with a laugh.

"Away wid ye, you imperdent thafe o' the world!"

"Af ye think I've stole it, I'll give it back."

"Ye'll niver do it wid my good-will. Away wid ye!"

She ran blushing into the house, while Tim hastened toward the river shore.

The day was now rapidly drawing to its close. The sun was already below the horizon, and the vail of twilight was slowly spreading over the bright face of the day.

Tim hurried onward toward the cabin of his fisherman friend. He had no great distance to go, but before he got there he came to a halt in alarm.

He had spied two blue-coated men on the river-bank, at a spot where policemen were seldom seen. They appeared to be patrolling the shore.

Tim crouched behind a boulder, and stole back out of sight.

"Sure an' the bloodhounds are on me track a'ready," he muttered. "I didn't dr'ame they'd be so lively. Whatever am I to do?"

He continued to move backward among the rocks and through the hollows of the rough region. A few minutes brought him close to the settlement.

And now he made other alarming discoveries. He perceived, from his place of vantage, a policeman approaching the hamlet from the

eastward. A glance in an opposite direction showed him still another, advancing over the broken ground in which he was hidden.

"It's surrounded I same to be. What in the world am I to do? There's no safety here, an' there's none beyant, an' I'm much like the hunted fox when the cruel pack's closin' in on him."

A moment's reflection and he made a quick dash for the settlement, eager to reach it in advance of his pursuers.

There was a plan in his mind. His steps led to the cottage of his sweetheart, into which he hastily plunged, and disappeared.

Quick as he had been, however, he had not escaped the vision of some of the sharp eyes of the searching-party.

Just as he entered the door a warning whistle rung through the air. The fox had been driven to his cover.

Most of the other inhabitants of the hamlet were lounging about in the evening air. Tim's fight had created an intense excitement among them. The sight of the approaching blue-coats had redoubled this. They were ready to fight off the peelers in defense of their favorite. But there was the awful presence of the law. They stood irresolute. One thing was certain. The police would get no help from them in their search.

The approach of the guardians of the law was deliberate. The whistle had called up the two men from the river shore. There were five of them in all when they at length gathered around the cottage of Terence O'Malley, the home of the pretty Kathleen.

It was here that the fugitive had been seen to enter. Sure of their prey, the policemen took their time to approach and make their preparations. Three of them were so stationed that they could watch every point of the hamlet. The other two prepared to enter the vine-covered cottage.

A full quarter of an hour had been spent in these preliminaries. As the officers approached the door it opened, and Kathleen appeared, her bare arms covered with flour, as if just from the bread-trough.

She started with affected surprise on seeing the officers.

"What do ye be wantin' here?" she demanded, angrily.

"Only a sight of the pretty fellow you are hiding inside," was the answer.

"Hidin', is it? Maybe ye'll explane what ye m'ane."

"We mean to have out that plug-ugly that's hidden in your house, lady," said the other policeman severely. "Stand aside now! You obstruct the law."

"And af you ripresint the law, it's ugly enough law you must have in Amerikay," she retorted, with a scornful laugh.

"Come, come, we want no gibes nor nonsense." They pushed past her into the cottage.

"Let them alone, Kathleen," came in the hoarse tones of her father from within. "We're law-abidin' citizens, I hope."

"It's lucky you are," answered the foremost officer. "We have a search-warrant, and it

will go hard with any one that seeks to obstruct us in our duty."

"Sure an' ye're welcome to s'arch to yer heart's content. And I'd loike ye to report to me what ye find. The house ain't got many rooms, and a short horse is soon curried."

Without deigning to reply the officers set themselves to their work.

The ground-floor of the house in which they stood was composed of a single room. And this was but sparsely furnished, with a settee, a few chairs, a table, a cook stove, and various culinary utensils.

There were but two doors, the one by which they had entered, and the one leading to the garden. The latter region was under guard of one of the outside men.

A closet occupied one side of the room. But its doors stood open, revealing nothing more doubtful than a show of dishes.

"Nothing here, Joe. Stand here while I try up-stairs."

The second floor was divided into two small bedrooms. These were quickly examined, the beds looked under, the bedding punched, every crevice tested. Not a fly could have remained concealed. Evidently no man was hiding there.

The officer called from a window to one of the men outside.

"Twig the roof. Anything on it?"

"Not a shadow. I have it all under my eye."

He walked down-stairs, a shade disappointed.

"There's the cellar yet, Joe."

They descended into the shallow and gloomy cellar together. Kathleen stood on the steps, striving to banish a shadow of anxiety from her pretty face.

"Item, three tubs, a lot of drift-wood, a heap of rubbish, and—look here, Joe. That's no fool of a potatoe pile. The folks here ain't likely to starve soon."

"Not while praties is eatable," answered Kathleen from the stairs. "An' will ye pl'ase hurry up, ye spalpeens, an' I've the house? Ye're no ornament till it."

The policeman laughed. He glanced again at the huge mass of potatoes that lay heaped high in one corner of the cellar. Then he turned and thrust his club into the pile of rubbish he had mentioned.

"Look into that dark corner, Joe. Turn over that box. See that he isn't between the rafters."

Back and forth they went, upsetting tubs and boxes, trampling over the potatoe-heap, tossing the rubbish, prying into every corner and crevice. Yet no trace of the fugitive could be found.

"He's not here," exclaimed the officer, in a tone of surprise and disappointment.

"He's not in the house," answered his companion. "He must have slipped into some of the other huts."

"Sure an' ef ye'd axed me I'd tould ye that same afore, and ye'd been saved all this trouble," averred Kathleen, sarcastically.

"Hold your tongue, girl; it's much too nimble," answered the officer, sourly, as he made his way up the cellar stairs.

Had he thought to turn back he might have seen a surprising sight.

The potatoes suddenly began to roll down the heap. They heaved as if they had become alive. In a moment more the shaggy head of a man rose through the mass, his eyes roaming fearfully around, his hand clapped firmly over his mouth to keep back the threatened cough. He was choked with the dust.

Fortunately the officers had left. The heels of the last just then disappeared into the room above.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW KATHLEEN FOOLED THE POLICE.

THE dusk was deepening as the baffled officers left the house, and called to their companions outside.

It was quickly decided that the remaining houses must be searched. Two of the men were so stationed that between them they could see every movement that took place in the village. The other three set themselves to a thorough investigation of the sorry huts of the laborers.

The latter looked on angrily. Some of them did not hesitate to give their opinion of the "bloody peelers." Yet none offered to interfere with the officers. They well knew the danger of that.

Kathleen watched them with anxious eyes until they had entered on their new task. Then she darted back into the house.

"They're gone, the spalpeens," she cried, breathlessly. "And I hope to the blessed Virgin that it's not smothered alive he is."

With a bound her lithe form reached the cellar stairs. Another bound took her to their bottom. Her bright eyes searched the shadowy region. There, on the potatoe heap, sat Tim, covered with dust from head to foot.

"Are they gone, alanna?"

"Dade they are, Tim."

"It's well, thin. In a twinkle of an eye more they'd had me. I almost bu'sted a blood-vessel kapin' down the cough. Sure when they tramped over the praties I was blinded and smothered wid the dust."

"Poor boy," cried Kathleen, in sympathy. "It was over me own heart they seemed trampin'. They're gone now, bless 'em. And—Tim, dear."

"What is it, mavourneen?"

"You stole a kiss from me outside, you thavin' rogue."

"I on'y borried it, Kathleen."

"Thin you'd better pay it back, for I don't like borryin' widout I've."

What followed it is not necessary to explain. It will be enough to say that the bold Tim was soon out of debt, and that he paid ten years interest on the spot.

"Will that do, darlint?"

"I didn't m'ane that; ye know I didn't" cried the blushing and happy girl, escaping from the arms of her great lover, and darting up the stairs.

Tim quickly followed her.

Mr. O'Malley met him, with a look of anxiety.

"What brings you up here? It stands to r'ason they'll find nothin' outside. They may be back for another look."

"Tain't to be helped," said Tim resignedly. "I'd rather be tuk at once than completely choked."

Kathleen had stationed herself as sentinel at the door, while a conversation continued between her father and the guest.

Several minutes passed. The twilight shadows were now thickening into the gloom of night. The search still continued.

One of the girl's young friends ran hastily up. She peered into the cottage.

"Mercy on us, Kathleen, is it there he is? Sure they're comin' back! I heerd their blatherin'. Ther's naught found outside, and they think mebbe they've missed summat here. Whatever's to be done?"

Kathleen was instantly devoured with anxiety.

"Away wid ye, Bridget. Don't let 'em see as ye've warned me. I'm close at me wit's end. Would scaldin' water do?"

"No, no. Don't try it."

Kathleen hastened back into the cottage, and closed the door sharply behind her. She had caught a glimpse of the policemen approaching.

They came up deliberately, leaving one of their number on guard as they came.

The two who had before searched the house again approached.

"We might have missed something," suggested one. "I mistrust that girl."

"She's a sharp one, you bet," replied the other, as he sought to open the cottage door.

It failed to yield to his touch. It was fastened inside. He shook it impatiently.

"Come! Open here!"

There was no answer.

"Open, I say!" he cried with new suspicion, while he pounded heavily on the door. "Open, in the name of the law!"

"Whatever brings ye back here to tormint dacent folks ag'in?" demanded Kathleen, angrily, as she opened the door. "I thought we were well rid o' ye. Ye mought anyhow give a sowl time to git her two hands out of the dough."

Her slender arms were, indeed, covered with dough. Her father sat in his corner of the hut placidly smoking.

"Compose yerself, child," he quietly said. "I never see'd sich a reg'lar little spitfire. Af the gentlemen ain't satisfied I'm not the mon to put a straw in their way. They're quite welcome to s'arch. But I'd not give much fur the valley o' their findings."

"All right, my man," said the leading officer, grimly. "I don't fancy our findings will be for sale."

Taking the cue from her father's composure, Kathleen went back to her bread dough, while the officers resumed their search. Not a word came from her compressed lips, but that unfortunate bread sponge felt the force of her feelings. She wrought it like one who meant business.

Five minutes passed, during which the officers again went through the house. There was no sound to indicate that Tim had been discovered. Kathleen smiled covertly. Where had the fellow deposited his huge body?

"See here!" cried one of the officers to Mr. O'Malley, coming up from the cellar with suspicion implanted on his sharp face. "What have you been doing to that potato pile? It has grown much smaller and the potatoes are scattered around the floor."

"Puttin' a few in the pot fur to-morry's dinner," averred O'Malley, from behind his pipe.

"That's all buncombe! What does it mean, I say? Was somebody hid under them?"

"Mebbe a rat. Af ye've a notion to catch him I'll lind ye a trap to set in the cellar."

Not a trace of a smile appeared on the honest fellow's face.

The furious officer let out a word or two which we do not care to repeat.

"He's hid here somewhere. I'll swear it. I'll have that fellow Tim if I have to tear down the walls of the house!"

"A man's house is his castle, in this free country. I'd prudently advise ye not to meddle with stick or stone."

O'Malley rose and shook the ashes from his pipe, which he replaced in his pocket.

"Oh, thunderation! what's the use of parleying words with that fellow?" demanded the other officer, impatiently.

He threw open the rear door of the cottage and looked out into the fast-gathering darkness. The squealing of a couple of pigs in the pen at the foot of the yard, which had been heard for some time, now grew deafening.

"Confound those hogs! what ails the dirty brutes?" cried the officer.

"For all the world, father, ye've forgotten to feed the poor b'astes!" exclaimed Kathleen, with uplifted hands. "It's enough to make ye furgit, too, all this trouble about nothin'! Won't ye be afther givin' 'em that bucket o' swill an' quiet their noisy mouths?"

"I don't marvel they're noisy, the craythers. Ye'd not be docile yerself, Kathleen, af I'd let ye go hungry."

He took up the swill bucket, and walked leisurely into the yard.

The officers followed him. They peered here and there as they went, examining every possible hiding-place in the narrow inclosure.

Mr. O'Malley walked on without haste. The pigs were keeping up an extraordinary racket. They seemed to be utterly wild with eagerness, or from some other cause.

"Stop yer blatherin', ye b'astes," said he, soothingly. "There's no danger that ye'll be forgotten, while yer voices hould out."

He was answered by another chorus of squeals. He poured the slop deliberately into the trough. The animals at once became quiet, and went eagerly into the business of eating.

"That's a confoundedly noisy breed of pigs," said one of the officers, approaching. "There's more blow than grow in them, I should fancy."

"They git fed the better for it," replied O'Malley, resting his elbow quietly on the corner of the pen. "The b'astes 'll never starve fur lack o' sp'akin' their sintiments."

The officer laughed, and looked over at the eagerly lapping pigs.

"How many have you?" he asked, peering back where a raised board marked off their

sleeping apartment. "Is that another back there?"

"Yes. He's a thrifle sick, I'm thinkin', the poor crayther. They're sick indade when they refuse their feed. Did ye ever kape hogs, sir?"

"No, I'll be hanged if I have," answered the officer, to this naive question. "But I've nabbed more than one of them. It's a shame, though, to let that sick brute go hungry, back there in the dark. Stir it up for its share of the swill, before these confounded hogs swallow it all."

"Faix, ye're compassionate. I'll do that same," said O'Malley, looking around as if for a pole.

At this moment Kathleen called loudly from the house door:

"Father!"

"What is it, my darlin'?"

"I'm thinkin' as the spalpeens may have caught poor Tim, afther all. There's summat like a scrimmage in the strate."

Her voice was loud and excited.

"The deuce!" cried the officer, starting.

He ran hastily forward, followed by his companion, and forgetting all about the sick pig. They brushed rudely by Kathleen, and rushed into the street.

There was certainly some disturbance in the shadowy distance. They hurried toward the spot.

"What is the matter?" cried O'Malley eagerly.

"It's a schame o' mine," she answered. "I got Blue Mike to stir up a bit of a row outside. And faix it's worked charmin'. You set me tremblin' to the sole o' me shoes."

"Kape cool in distressin' sarcumstances, that's my rule," was the deliberate answer. "Tim, you brute, now's yer time. He'll be fur havin' the sick pig stirred up, ef he comes back."

The dark object behind the board stirred. It rose upright, and displayed the fine proportions of Tim Finnigan. Once more the officers had been cheated to their eyes.

"Stay where ye are," cried O'Malley, as Tim leaped from the pen. "They'll niver nab ye now, in the dark. An' kape away from Kathleen. Ye smell too bad to be courtin'."

The laughing beauty and her father hastened back to the cottage, leaving Tim to crouch by the garden fence.

"I niver knowed ye was so cool and darin', father," she admiringly declared.

"He'd been cotched sure, af I'd got the l'aste bit flustered," was the calm reply.

There was no further danger. The policemen found the trouble to be a mere word-battle between two of the inhabitants. They gave up the search in discouragement. It seemed evident to them that the fugitive had somehow given them the slip, and escaped from the village before the search commenced.

"They're gone, the dirty peelers," exclaimed the girl, who had before accosted Kathleen. "Sure an' ye've fooled 'em nately. An' wher-ever is Tim hid?"

"Nowhere, Bridget my charmer," answered Tim for himself, as he walked into the cottage. "I'd scorn to hide. It's Kathleen advised it all, an' ye'll have to hould her responsible."

We must pass rapidly over the events of the week succeeding the humbugging of the policemen. During all that time Tim remained in the O'Malley cottage, the guest of his sweetheart, Kathleen. The officers failed to reappear. They seemed to have given up the search. In fact the women of the village formed themselves into a corps of spies, to give warning of any danger.

Tim's face rapidly healed. By the end of the week there was little trace of the punishment he had received. His sound blood was far better than medicine.

At the end of the week he had a visitor, young Mr. Effingham. There was an effort made to conceal him, but Tim had seen and recognized his friend.

"I judge the s'arch is over, and they're not goin' to molest me," said Tim, after a short conversation.

"Then you don't know Spencer Baily," answered the young gentleman. "He has taken the matter out of the hands of the police. Probably he does not care to have the truth come out. But don't fancy that he has given up his hope of revenge. Depend upon it, he is hatchin' some deeper plot."

"I'm tould there's been a stranger foolin' about the river shore these two days," said Tim, anxiously. "And another about the boulevard."

"They are spies, for a mint!" declared Mr. Effingham, with energy. "There is something in the wind, my boy. See here, Tim, you must not stay here. You are in serious danger."

"What shall I do, sir?"

"You must leave this very night. Can you not get a boat and cross to Jersey City?"

"Sartain. There's no diffikilty at all."

"It must be done secretly; you may be followed. Let somebody else make preparations for you about the boat. Slip to the river yourself after dark. On reaching the other side make your way to this street and number I have made all right for you."

He handed Tim a slip of paper.

"I'm sartainly much obligated to you," said the grateful fellow. "If I kin but repay it some day."

"Perhaps you may, Tim. Good-by, now. I must go. Be sharp, for you have sharpeners to deal with."

He hurried away, leaving Tim in a flutter of doubt and anxiety.

That night, with a farewell kiss to Kathleen, Tim made his way to the river-side. A boat was in waiting for him; it had been engaged by O'Malley in the afternoon. The honest fellow flattered himself he had not been seen, as the keen prow began to cut the flowing tide.

Other boats were on the river. There was nothing to show that any of their occupants were concerned about his movements.

CHAPTER V.

A SIGNAL FROM THE WAVES.

It was quite dusky on the river; there was no moon, and only the faint star-light illuminated the waters of the stream. Here and there the light from a passing vessel threw a faint glare

upon the waves, while the lamps of the bordering cities gave a faint illumination. But the general effect was dark and shadowy.

Tim's fisherman friend sent him across the stream with a strong arm. The good fellow failed to notice that out of the boats that were busying or idling about the river, one seemed to be going in his direction. It was a light craft, rowed by a single rower.

Their course lay down-stream, toward the distant lights of Jersey City. With a strong and long pull Mike Malone sent his boat swiftly onward. At a considerable distance behind, so far off as to be barely visible, came the other boat. It seemed like an amateur oarsman, out far an hour's exercise.

"We're drawin' in now," said Mike, at length. "I'll land ye in a ten minutes more."

"Faix, but ye kin swing the oars, Mickey. But look back. Is that a boat ahind us? It's like a shaddy on the water, but I mistrust it's a boat."

"Just so," answered Mike coldly nodding. "I've had me eye on't fur the half-hour past. A boat it is. One o' them gentlemen's eggshells as they deloight to play about the water in."

"Then I've been watched and follyed?"

"It looks moighty like it."

"I don't jist relish the looks of 't, Mickey."

"No more do I, Tim."

"If he's afther me, what's to be done?"

"Sure I'll land ye first. What's yer legs fur? He may b'ate me rowin', with that feather of a boat; but I doubt if he kin b'ate you runnin'."

"Thru' fur you, Mickey."

"There he goes, sheering off down-stream. He's not chasin' us, afther all."

The seeming pursuer, indeed, had sheered out into mid-stream. They continued their course toward the neighboring wharves. The lighter boat quickly became parallel to them in the outer stream.

"Here's a good landin' place, Tim. You know yer way in Jarsey City?"

"As 'asy as I know my way to the pratie-dish at dinner."

A few minutes more brought them alongside of a wharf. A short parting conversation followed.

"What's that, for all the wored?"

A flash of light had come from the river.

"Mebbe it's lightin' a cigar he is."

The flash was twice repeated.

"The wind's a bit too spry fur his matches."

"Moight be so, Tim," said the fisherman, anxiously. "Or it moight be a signal to somebody ashore. Kape cool till I take a squint."

Mike raised himself in the boat until his eyes were even with the wharf-log. He took a keen survey of the locality. No sign of human life was visible. He continued to watch for full five minutes. All continued solitary. No answer came to the supposed signal. Deep gloom draped the river.

"Must ha' mistook." Mike shook his grizzled head. "Ye kin go now, me boy. But kape an eye open. I don't like them flashes."

"All's right, I guess," said Tim, confidently, as he swung himself ashore. "Good-by, Mickey."

Don't furget what I tould ye about Kathleen. The saints be wid ye."

"The same to yerself, Tim."

He pushed the boat from the wharf, as Tim moved up its length with a light step. All was dead silence here. No sign of life appeared. As he turned into the river-side street he looked anxiously over the water with a half-dread of a renewed signal. None came.

"Lightin' his cigar, I reckon. It's cur'us how 'asy a nervous man is upset. It's as still here as a graveyard. And ef I'm molested I've got my arms and legs."

Yet despite himself he felt uncomfortable. He set up a whistle to quiet his nerves. There were street lights here and there, but there were dark corners to pass.

To his quickened senses there seemed to come the sound of stealthy steps. He even fancied that he caught the gleam of eyes peering out from a dark alley.

Tim shook himself, and laughed.

"It's square how narvousness does upset a man," he muttered. "I'll be turnin' the gas lamps intill eyes next, an' the wash o' the waves intill men's feet. Ef it was on'y daylight now."

"Which it isn't, Tim," came a voice behind him.

Tim turned, with a start of surprise.

Ere he could make another movement his arms were grasped from behind, and something thrown over his face that smothered him, and effectually prevented any outcry.

He struggled violently, jerking his assailants back and forth with the strength of a giant.

But a half-dozen vigorous arms held him. His limbs were quickly pinioned, and a rope wound dexterously about him that effectually hindered any further efforts.

At the same time the bandage around his face was tightened. He could barely breathe, and it was impossible to utter a sound.

"Now, my man, if you know which side your bread's buttered you'll mind your eye," hissed a savage voice in his ear. "This is no baby play, I'll tell you that. If you kick up any didoes we'll knock you in the head, and leave you to the crows."

Tim was utterly confounded. A minute ago at liberty, and seemingly free from danger, and now a helpless prisoner. There was no fear of his struggling. He did not seem to have a thought left in his brain. He yielded quietly as his captors hurried him from the spot.

They talked with each other in low, anxious tones. The wheels of a carriage were heard in the distance. It came nearer, and stopped opposite them. The next minute he was rudely pushed into it. Two men entered with him. The door sharply closed.

Another mounted the box with the driver.

"Let out now. To the Rookery," he said.

Away they rattled, over the stony streets.

Tim sat in a half-benumbed state in his corner of the carriage. Resistance would have been useless. His arms were tightly bound. His mouth was firmly bandaged. He could not even whisper. The power of thought was gradually returning, but the surprise had been so utter that he was yet in a state of bewilderment.

The carriage seemed to go for a long distance. It appeared an hour to him, though it was really much less, when it at length halted.

He was hurried from it and hastily shuffled across the pavement, and into an open door beyond. The door slammed behind him. He was a prisoner in earnest.

Tim's wits were at last awake. He attended carefully to everything that followed. He felt himself thrust along a passage, up a flight of stairs, along other passages, up other stairs until it seemed as if the house was endless. There was apparently a designed effort to confuse him.

The bandage which had blinded as well as choked him was now removed from his face. He found himself in a wide, dark room. There were two men present with him, but it was too dark to see more than the outlines of their form.

"Now, my man," remarked one of them, in quick, stern tones, "you can make a noise if you want to. But I warn you of two things. First, nobody will hear it. Second, you'll pay severely for it."

"Ye're a set o' murtherin', kidnappin' reprobates," cried Tim indignantly. "What am I brung here fur at all?"

"I'll tell you that. It may help you to sleep. You smashed up the face of a gentleman, Mr. Spencer Baily. You woke up the wrong coon, my hearty. You are his prisoner, and you'll pay dearly for your work before you get out of his hands. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

The two men left the room, closing and locking the door behind them. Tim stood in the middle of the floor, his arms still pinioned to his sides.

"So it's that devil that's doin' it!" he said in dismay. "By the Rock o' Cashel, Tim, but you're in throuble! But niver moind, me boy, there's mony days in a man's life. Af he thinks to kape me awake by skeerin' me, he don't know that Tim Finnigan's got a janus fur slapin'."

He cast himself on the bed in a corner of the room, and soon proved his words by falling off into a deep slumber.

The next day dawned. It passed without Tim's seeing a soul. Not even a morsel of food was given him. He began to wonder if they intended to starve him. There was a pitcher of water in the room, from which he managed to satisfy his thirst.

Evening had again merged into night when the door at length opened, and three men entered the room.

The keen eyes of the prisoner examined these men, by the light of the lamp which they had brought with them. But little could be made out. Their faces were masked. They were roughly dressed. The form of one of them reminded him of Spencer Baily, but he could not be sure.

For several minutes they glared at him in an uncomfortable way through the eye-holes of their masks.

"Faix, ye moight be good lookin', fur all I kin tell to the conthrary," muttered Tim. "But I'd like much to hear ye sp'ake."

The one who had seemed familiar to Tim made a sign to his companions.

In an instant the captive was seized, his coat and shirt torn off, and his fettered hands bound to a hook in the wall high above his head.

"Now, my cove," hissed the masked leader of the gang, in a revengeful tone, "you will find a turn in the tide. You shall pay dearly for assailing a gentleman on the highway. To your work, executioners."

Tim saw, with a sinking heart, that each of the men had produced a whip, with short handle, and long, flexible lash of twisted leather.

He shuddered involuntarily as they stationed themselves on each side of him, and whirled their weapons in the air.

For one strinking instant he felt like begging for pity. Then the brave blood of his race surged into his veins, he bit his lips till the blood came, his face grew stern and resolute.

"Go on, divils," he ejaculated. "Do yer worst. But moind ye this: Tim Finnigan's a boy that kin give as well as take. And he's r'ale Irish oak to the heart."

The leader made a sign. Down came one of the whips, with a whistling sound, on the bare back of the captive.

It seemed to Tim as if a rod of red-hot steel had scored his flesh. A red welt rose in the track of the whip. He writhed involuntarily, but not a sound came from his clinched lips.

Down came the other whip. A second welt scored his back. Where they crossed a trickle of blood flowed down the brown skin.

Again and again the cruel whips rose and fell. The prisoner neither spoke nor flinched. His teeth were set together like rocks. His eyes flashed fire. He stood as firm as an oak tree, though his back was a mass of crimson welts, from which the fresh blood freely flowed.

Ten strokes had fallen, five from each of the men. The leader held up his hand. They let the lashes fall.

"That is his rations for to-day," he said. "Ten lashes every day, for ten days. Well laid on, if they kill him, the low-born hound."

"You dirthy coward!" hissed the infuriated prisoner. "You daren't show your face, ye bloody cur o' the worl!"

"I dare not, eh?" cried the other, with a burst of spleen. "Look at me, my man, and see the work for which I am taking my revenge."

He tore the mask from his face. Tim saw before him the countenance of Spencer Baily, red with anger, and yet disfigured by the punishment he had received.

His eyes were yet purple, his nose bound up with strips of plaster as if it had been broken, while his red and swollen lips showed that two of his front teeth had been lost.

"Look on your work, you dog! Do you think I am the man to idly bear this? A hundred lashes, well laid on, is your sentence. And then I intend to set you adrift with a face like this of mine. You can sleep on that prospect."

"Wasn't it a square mill?" demanded Tim. "Is this the doin's of a gintleman?"

"Yes, when he is dealing with dirty dogs like you."

"Ye're one o' the bloods o' the boulevard, Mister Spencer Baily, an' I'm on'y one o' the

road-menders, but I've got as red blood in me veins as yerself. And it's as hot as yer own. Take care how ye set it b'ilin', fur it'll not cool down 'asy."

Baily laughed scornfully at this threat, while his eyes rested with brutal satisfaction on the mangled and bleeding back of his victim.

"You have a sweetheart," he said, with a hiss of fierce malignity. "I have seen your pretty Kathleen, and taken a fancy to her. When I get done with you, Tim, I am afraid you will not find Kathleen. She is far too charming to leave for a rough cur like you."

Tim's stout heart gave way at this threat. A pulse of fear and anguish set his whole frame trembling.

"Oh, Mr. Baily!" he pleaded pitifully, "for the Lord's sake don't be after doin' any harrum to Kathleen! L'ave her alone, and I'll kiss yer fate! Kill me, ef it'll do yer heart good, but don't hurt my innocent darlint!"

The villain laughed, while his eyes glittered with satisfaction.

"Touched you there, did I? Cuts deeper than the whip, does it? I know where to sting you now, blast you! Keep up your spirits, Tim. When I am done with Kathleen she is at your service."

He turned away from the tortured lover.

"It's well," answered Tim, in a low, concentrated tone. "But af ye do the girl harrum I'll kill you! By all the blessed saints above I swear it!"

The next moment the lock clicked behind his tormentors. He was left alone to his agony of mind and body.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW TIM TURNED THE TABLES.

AN hour passed. The two hired villains had returned, and washed the mangled flesh of the victim with a liquid that burned like fire.

They then released him from the hook, loosened somewhat the bonds that confined his hands, and set food before him.

"It's temptin', but I haven't the heart to ate," he said, turning away from it with a sickening sensation.

"You can do as you please," was the rough answer. "If you choose to starve it's your own racket."

These words recalled Tim to his senses. He had determined to escape from that prison, if it had to be over the dead bodies of a dozen men. But it was no way to begin by reducing his strength through hunger.

"Unloose my hands," he demanded. "If I'm to eat, I'd prefer to do it like a Christian."

"Not much, my hearty. We've heard of your slashing arms. I calculate you won't get the chance to use them on us."

Tim made no answer. He managed to eat his meal with difficulty, his masked keepers standing close beside him, and heedfully watching every movement.

He could see that they were afraid of him, and his lips curled with satisfaction at the thought. A plan of escape was slowly ripening in his mind.

The meal over the keepers again tightened the cord on Tim's wrists. Then his feet, which

hitherto had been left free, were bound in like manner. They flung him on the floor, as helpless as a log.

"Hope you'll sleep well. Mr. Baily has left you some thoughts for pleasant dreams."

He was alone in his prison, helpless and disconsolate. If it had been the injury to his flesh alone Tim could have stood it. He could bear pain like a soldier.

But the threat to harm Kathleen was the thought that burned like a coal of fire in his heart. His enemy could not have chosen a better weapon with which to torture him, even if he had possessed the rack and red-hot pincers of the Inquisition.

But it had another effect from that intended. It roused in the mind of the captive a wild desire to escape.

Yet what could he do? He lay there bound hand and foot, so tightly that the cords seemed to cut into the flesh. They could not be loosed or broken. He exerted his utmost strength in vain. His hands were much too large to slip through the bonds that confined his wrists.

Yet peril sharpens the wits. Tim was not the man to give up beaten till every possible effort was made.

He had a plan, as we have already said. It remained to see if it could be put into execution.

Fortunately, his hands had been tied in front of him. Had they been tied behind his back, he would have been helpless.

He listened cautiously to the sounds without. Some faint echoes came from a distance, but near him all was silence.

"They'll l'ave me alone fur the night, I've a notion," he muttered. "Af they'd on'y left me the candle now, I'd burnt off these bits o' string in a jiffy. But there's surely summat else to be done."

The room was dark, but his eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom. He could dimly make out its articles of furniture.

Against the wall near him stood a chair. Toward this he cautiously rolled over the floor. Reaching it, he pushed it along with his head, dragging his body by inches after it. A few minutes brought it to the point which he desired.

Now, with great care and labor, he dragged himself up by the aid of his hands, which had a slight freedom of movement.

Inch by inch up the chair-legs he lifted his body. His wounded back pained fearfully in the process, but Tim only set his teeth and kept to his work.

Ere long he had dragged himself upright, his hands grasping the chair-back for support.

The sturdy fellow now twisted himself around until his back rested against the wall of the room. He was directly under the hook to which he had been fastened during the whipping.

He rested awhile, breathing long and heavily. It had been no light task which he had achieved.

"So far," he muttered. "Now af I kin but git me two arms aloft."

His hands had been tied in front of his waist, and in such a manner as to render it very difficult for him to erect them over his head. But

by dint of repeated efforts he succeeded, with a wrench that seemed as if it would have dislocated his shoulder.

Again he rested from his exertions. Then he felt with his uplifted hands along the wall above his head. They soon came in contact with the hook.

"By the bones of Saint Patrick, but I'm in luck so far!" he ejaculated. "Now, af my eyes didn't decave me, I've a notion as there's a rough edge till that bit o' iron."

Of that there was no doubt. The hook had been squared under the hammer, leaving one of its edges sharp and slightly jagged.

Tim carefully felt this, and then tried to bring the cord that bound his wrists in contact with it. Unfortunately, it was an inch too high.

He raised himself on his toes. In doing so his wounded back scraped the wall. Sharp pangs of pain ran through him; but nothing could have deterred him then.

Thus raised, the cord came into contact with the hook. He began to saw it up and down over the ragged edge, a half-inch at a time. Slowly the iron tore and cut into the firm strands.

A few minutes, and he had to drop again to his feet for rest. But one strand of the thick rope had been parted.

"It's cruel work on me back," muttered Tom. "Af I kin work wid me face to the wall I'll be 'asier."

With some difficulty he contrived to twist himself around. He found it easier to reach the hook in this position, while a new strand of the cord was brought into contact with the cutting edge.

Fifteen minutes more of diligent and painful work. He felt the strong cord, which had been wound many times around his wrists, slowly yielding.

The happy fellow could hardly repress himself from giving a shout of triumph. A vigorous pressure from his powerful arms so loosened the bonds that he was able to slip one hand through their relaxed folds.

"Free at last!" he exclaimed, far too loud for safety.

In the exultation of the moment he quite forgot his fettered feet. An unlucky movement, a stumble, he felt himself falling, without power to prevent it.

He flung his released arms out wildly to arrest the descent, but in vain. He came to the floor with a crash that must have sent its alarming sound to every part of the house.

The two men who had been Baily's tools in the late scene of torture were seated in a room below that in which the prisoner was confined, when a crashing sound came to their ears from the room above.

"What is that?" cried one, in alarm.

"Has he upset a chair?"

"A chair, you fool! It sounds like a church steeple."

"He has been trying to get up, maybe, and has tumbled."

"We'll soon see."

He sprung up and ran for the stairs. His companion followed.

In less than a minute they were at the door. A short period of fumbling followed.

"Shoot me if I haven't left the key below! Run back for it, Tom."

The fellow hurried down-stairs; in a very short time he was back, with the missing key.

"Now mind your eye. But it's impossible that the chap could be loose."

"I'll be ready, anyhow."

He drew a pistol from his pocket, while his companion inserted the key in the lock.

The door opened, and he hurried into the room. The armed villain quickly followed.

They looked before them in surprise, Tim had disappeared from the spot on the floor where they had left him. He was visible nowhere.

"Look sharp. He is hiding behind the bed."

The fellow with the pistol advanced a step to reconnoiter.

Ere he could take a second step it seemed to him as if a brick house had fallen on his head. He tumbled to the floor in a senseless heap, his pistol flying across the room.

The other villain turned. There stood Tim, free hands and feet, grasping in his hand the chair with which he had felled the prostrate man. He had hidden behind the door till the proper moment.

With a cry of alarm the villain sprung for the door.

But he was too late. Tim dropped the chair, and thrust out his long arm. He caught the chap by the collar just as he was passing.

A powerful jerk back, a quick trip, a vigorous thrust. The man was hurled to the floor with force enough to crack his skull.

Less than a minute had passed since they entered, and already they both lay prostrate and insensible.

Tim looked down on them with compressed lips and flashing eyes.

"Some chaps 'd be fur escapin'," he said. "But I've got a debt to pay first. And I don't reckon any on 'em 'll keer to stop me, wid this bit o' jewelry in me pocket."

He picked up the fallen pistol, and thrust it into his pocket. Then, searching the clothes of the prostrate men, he found one of the blood-stained whips, which had been already used on himself.

"'Tain't right to l'ave 'em here, out o' their senses. I ain't got no smellin' salts, nur any o' yer young lady contrivances, but I'll try an' use some persuasion."

A minute sufficed to strip off their upper clothing and expose their bare backs.

He looked down on them without a spark of pity in his steely eyes.

"Revenge is sweet," he muttered. "This is the first installment o' my debt."

Down came the whip with swashing force on the back of one of the prostrate men. It was followed by a heavy groan.

Down it came on the other, who writhed beneath it, even in his senseless condition.

With the steadiness of a pendulum it rose and fell, cutting bloody welts across the naked backs.

This fierce regimen brought them quickly to

their senses. They howled with agony as they felt the weight of the cutting lash.

But Tim desisted not until he had delivered ten lashes on each back, and until the blood was flowing freely from the mangled flesh.

"There," he said, flinging the whip to the floor. "That's the fu'st chapter of my revenge. Let Spencer Baily look to himself. His turn shall surely come."

Looking again at the now unmasked faces of the writhing villains by the aid of the faint window light that he might know them should he meet them again, he left the room, locking the door behind him.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW TIM BROUGHT HIS EARS INTO THE GAME.

TIM found it very dark as he made his way through the unlit passages of the house. There were here no windows, as in the room he had left. He wandered blindly about, not knowing where he was, and seeking a stairway to conduct him to the lower regions.

One point troubled him. Were these two men alone in the house; or had it other occupants, who may have taken the alarm? He listened anxiously for sounds of human presence, while his hand clutched the pistol with stern determination.

Groans and yells of anguish were coming from the room he had left.

"You've got your hash, you bloody rapparees," hissed Tim, as he felt the burning of his own lacerated back. "I'm on'y sorry as I didn't give ye double measure, as ye deserved. They call me Tim the Leveler, and faix I leveled ye n'ately. Wait till I git that head divil under me two hands, and it's loike I'll t'ache him a bit of an Irishman's humor."

He set his teeth with firm resolution. At that moment he missed his footing in the darkness and fell forward. His hands were thrown out, and caught a railing, which alone hindered his pitching head-foremost down the stairway on which he had stumbled.

With a laugh at his luck Tim picked his way carefully down. It grew lighter as he proceeded. On reaching the lower passage he found it lit up by a light that came from a room at some distance in advance. Toward this he very cautiously made his way.

All was still. A few moments brought him to the door of the room. No sound came from it. He ventured a careful peep, and caught sight of a lamp burning on a table in the center of the room. But no person was visible.

Tim was sharp enough to guess the truth. This was the room in which his guards had been seated when alarmed by his fall.

He boldly entered. It was a large, plainly-furnished apartment. On the table was a bottle and a couple of glasses, while an unmistakable odor of whisky perfumed the air.

"All's fair in war," said Tim, as he closely examined the room, where nothing of any interest appeared. "I'll drink yer health from yer own bottle, ye spalpeens, and wishin' ye swate dreams and tinder recollections," he continued, helping himself to a liberal dose from the bottle. "Sure an' ye've got a n'ate taste in

potheen. That goes right to the carbuncles of a man's sowl."

He set down the glass with a sigh of pleasure, took up the lamp, and turned away from the tempting bottle.

By the aid of the light he quickly found another stairway, leading downward. A few minutes brought him to the floor below, which he conjectured to be the ground-floor.

He stopped to listen. The uproar which the prisoners above had kept up now ceased. They had been hammering vigorously on the door, but had desisted, and at present only a faint sound of lamentation came to his ears.

All below was still. It seemed evident that no one else was in the house. The mansion was a large one, with many rooms and passages. He wandered about, seeking the way out.

He had just reached the main entry and got an eye on the front door, when the sound of voices outside and a fumbling about the lock arrested his attention. Some persons were entering.

The danger was not yet over. Tim hastily retreated, extinguishing the lamp as he did so.

A few steps brought him into a narrow recess behind the stairs.

He heard the door open and footsteps enter. By the voices there seemed two persons. An oath came from the foremost.

"Why, in the fiend's name, haven't those confounded fools left a light down here? It's as black as seven crows. Come in here, Mr.—" Tim failed to catch the name. "I'll strike a blaze in a second."

The lips of the listener curled with fierce anger. It was the voice of Spencer Baily. He could hardly restrain himself from dashing on his foe in the darkness, at any risk.

"Kape cool, Tim," he whispered to himself. "Don't be afther makin' a fool o' yersel'. It moight be a satisfaction to slather that chap wid a shillalah, but I'd like to touch him deeper nor his skin."

The two men had by this time entered an adjoining room. A light flashed from the open door. They entered into conversation. Tim listened eagerly, but he could not make out the words.

A burning desire to hear this conversation came over him. It might be of importance. In a minute he had removed his heavy boots, and was gliding forward in his stocking feet.

As he advanced the words became clearer to him. He was soon able to make out their talk, which was conducted without fear of a listener.

The first words came in a voice which was new to him. It was a peculiar voice, which Tim was not likely to forget, with his quick ear for tones.

"I tell you I've got you all under my thumb," came in scornful tones. "Much as the old man swells and blusters I could make a beggar of him with a turn of my hand. And as for you, boy—"

"Oh, drop all that taffy!" cried Baily, angrily. "It's all consumed fudge."

"Is it, eh? Do you know how old John Baily, your respected father, made his fortune? I don't mind letting you into a point or two. Have you ever heard of such a thing as dispos-

ing of a will, and inheriting under an older one? I'll tell you this. If the right heir had the proof which I hold he could quickly make a beggar of your millionaire father, for every cent he has was made with money that belongs of right to another person."

This was evidently interesting. Tim remembered what Mr. Effingham had told him. He determined not to lose a word.

"It's fudge, I tell you," Baily gave a laugh of scorn. "My old man is no fool. He is not the man to destroy a will and leave the proof in your possession."

"He would put me out of the way, too, eh?"

"That's on the cards."

"Well, as long as I've opened my bag of secrets, I'll let you a little deeper in. He didn't destroy the will."

"He didn't?"

"Because he couldn't. That interesting document happened to fall into my hands. It is there yet. There was too much money in it for me to sell it outright to your respectable daddy. It was wiser to keep it and bleed him. I have lived on that will for twenty good years, my boy."

"And why do you tell me this cock-and-bull story?"

"For a reason of my own. My old friend, John Baily, is getting shaky on his pins. At any moment he may step out, and leave his fortune to you. I wish to warn you in advance that there is a prior claim on that fortune. When your father ceases to be my banker you will step into his shoes."

"I don't believe a word of this."

"I thought you wouldn't. That is one reason I have told you. You are at liberty to question the venerable gentleman whom you respectfully call your old man. I think it very likely that he will confirm my words."

"My old man! My old fool, you had better say!" broke out Baily hotly. "Why, if your story is true he would have settled your hash ten years ago."

"Aha! And when it comes your turn you'll be wiser than your daddy, and settle my hash?"

"I'll give you a sample brick of my style," answered Baily, sternly. "You see the condition of my face?"

"It is quite perceptible."

"The man that did that work is likely to pay dearly for it. I have him now in this house. I scored his back two hours ago with a rawhide till it is like butchered beef. Before he gets out of my hands I will make him a subject for hospital treatment."

"I'm highly obleeged fur yer good intentions," muttered the listener. "It's not meself as'll forgit 'em soon."

"Nor is that all," continued Baily. "I will touch him in a sorer point yet. He is in love with a pretty Irish lass. To-morrow night that young lady will be carried off by some of my men. When Tim Finnigan gets her again I wish him joy of her."

Spencer Baily, with his demonish tone of triumph, was in far greater peril at that moment than he had ever been in his life before. The listener clutched the pistol in his pocket, while his heart burned in a turmoil of rage. He

took a step forward, with murderous thoughts in his brain.

But the next words recalled him to his senses.

"Why do you tell me this pretty story?"

"Merely to let you know my way of dealing with my foes."

"My dear sir," came in a tone of mockery, "permit me to remind you that just now you are not dealing with a Tim Finnigan. I happen to know something of the temper of your respected progenitor, and that he would have provided me with a tombstone instead of a bank-book before now, if I'd been the fool you seem to fancy. I'll let you into a point or two for your edification. The important document in question does not happen to be in my hands. Let us suppose a case or two. Suppose Mr. John Baily, or his son and heir, for instance, should decline to honor the drafts of your humble servant? What then? I send word to a certain person who holds a certain sealed package. Within a day from that date said package is placed in the hands of another certain person, who will be apt to call Mr. John Baily or his heir to a quick and severe account."

"I see. Go on."

"There may be another case. Your humble servant may die or disappear. Suppose he vanishes. Suppose for a whole week all trace of him dies out. At the end of that week the event I have just described takes place, and the Baily estate gets into difficulties. You perceive that I have arranged matters rather neatly. It is the safest plan for the Bails to honor my modest little drafts."

"Why do you not sell to the other party?" asked Baily, in a suspicious tone.

"No, no. I don't care to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. I prefer to have money as I want it, than to get it in one big pile, and then be left to shift for myself. It is a neat situation to have a millionaire to bleed."

Silence fell between the two men. Tim would have given a finger to see the face of the stranger. He would never forget his voice, but that was a slim guide to his future discovery.

The speakers had been too deeply absorbed in their subject to pay any heed to the sounds of groaning and cursing, that yet came faintly from the upper regions of the house.

"This is a very pretty story you have told me," said Baily at length, in a cold and suspicious tone. "Yet you must excuse me having my doubts. Who is this man whom my father defrauded? What are the particulars of this will case? I have heard nothing about it, and am not ready to swallow it without better evidence."

"That is no more than business," answered the other speaker gravely. "To save words I have taken the trouble to write it down here for your private study. You are at liberty to ask your father the truth of these little particulars. As you are of age now I think it is but just that you should be prepared for your future obligations."

Tim's sharp ears caught the rustle of paper, as if the speaker had extracted a document from his pocket.

But at the same instant there came a startling diversion. A fierce uproar broke out up-

stairs. There was loud hammering on a closed door, and the sounds of yelling and swearing voices. Evidently the prisoners, in a sudden rage, had renewed their efforts to attract attention.

The two conversers sprung to their feet, with cries of surprise and alarm.

"By Heaven, there's something broke loose up-stairs! My man is trying to escape! Follow me!"

He rushed out, closely followed by his companion. Tim had hastily darted back to his place of concealment. In a minute he heard the two men running up-stairs. He failed to catch a glimpse of the stranger.

"It is touch and go now," he muttered.

Snatching up his boots he ran forward. The light yet burned in the room where the conversation had taken place.

Tim glanced in. There, to his surprise and delight, lay on the table the important document which the sudden alarm had driven out of the thoughts of the two men.

Tim darted in and took possession of it.

"The blessed saints above!" he cried in triumph. "Af I ain't got the pride o' the boulevard by the snout now, it's quare! But you must be travelin', Tim."

A moment brought him to the door. He paused for an instant to draw on his boots. The noise above grew more violent. A grin of triumph marked his face, as he stepped into the street, a free man once more.

"There's ructions above, or it's little I know," he declared. "And bless my sowl, won't there be wuss ructions below when they come afther their dokyment? It's no fool ye are, Tim Finnigan."

He hurried away far from the dangerous locality, but not without first carefully observing its bearings.

The house he had left was a large one, and stood alone in an open space in the outskirts of Jersey City. Tim knew enough of the place to readily locate it.

He hurried onward through the streets. It was an hour's walk to the place of which Mr. Effingham had given him the directions.

As he proceeded the pain in his wounded back grew more intense. A dreadful thirst began to oppress him. A feverish feeling ran through his hot limbs.

He reached the place at length, faint and fevered. To the man who opened the door he handed the paper received from Mr. Effingham.

"Yes, yes," cried the householder. "That is all right. He has advised me. Come in."

Tim did so. He took a step forward, and then suddenly he felt his head swimming. The next moment he fell heavily forward to the floor, in a dead insensibility.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED.

STRONG of limb and muscle as was the bold Irishman, he was not accustomed to mental excitement. The intense worry of the past few days had been too much for his nerves. The terrible pain of his wounds and the strong liquor he had swallowed finished the work. Fever ran riot through his veins, and the moment the

necessity of exertion was over the reaction threw him into the dead faint into which he had fallen.

For several days he lay in a state of delirium. The people of the house quickly discovered the condition of his back, and at once called in a doctor. Everything was done to heal his lacerated wounds.

They listened anxiously to his broken sentences, hoping to discover the cause of this outrage. But they caught nothing but the name of Kathleen, in loving tones, and fierce threats of vengeance on Spencer Baily.

On the second day Mr. Effingham, who had been sent for, made his appearance, accompanied by his son.

They looked on the injured man, who was tossing with fever and raving with delirium, with surprise and anger.

"It is easy to guess whose hand has been at work here," exclaimed the young man. "The poor fellow's ravings show that."

"It is another debt I owe the Bails," answered his father. "They are a remorseless crew, Horace. But the time may come when they will be repaid for their crime and cruelty."

"I hope you will pinch them as they deserve when that time comes," remarked the son.

"I don't think I owe them much mercy."

"What does the doctor say?" asked Horace of the gentleman of the house.

"He says it is only a temporary fever. The man is as strong as an ox. He is a little light-headed, but he will be all right in a day or two."

"And is there anything to show for this outrage? Has he let it out in his ravings, or has he anything about him to show it?"

"I found this paper in his pocket," was the answer. "I have not read it. But as your name occurs in it I thought it might be of importance to you."

"My name?" exclaimed Mr. Effingham, seizing the folded paper handed him. "That is strange. I have certainly a right then to see how it concerns me."

He opened the paper and ran his eye quickly over it. As he did so a loud exclamation came from his lips, while his face grew suffused with blood.

"What is the matter, father?" cried Horace, starting forward with alarm.

"One minute." The old gentleman waved him away. "This is extraordinary! Where did he get this? What does it mean?"

He again read it, with intense excitement in his face. He dropped into a chair, clutching the document in his hand.

"You will set me wild if you don't let me know what ails you!" cried his son, with equal excitement.

"By Heaven, Horace, I am in another puzzle! Have I here the clew to the mystery that has troubled me for years?"

"Is it about the lost will?"

"Yes, yes. It is the whole story. It tells how my uncle died. It relates how I quarreled with him, and he willed all his estate to John Baily, who had by his wily tongue sown bad blood between my uncle and me, and made a fool of the weak old man by his flattery. It

goes on to say that he afterward found out that I had been belied, and that Baily was a villain."

"And he made a new will?" broke in Horace excitedly.

"Yes. In my favor. It is as I have suspected for years."

"But that will? Where is it? Did Baily destroy it?"

"No. He set one of his rascally agents to steal it. The man stole it and kept it. He has bled him for years on it."

"By the Lord Harry, that's worth its weight in gold! Who wrote it? Where did Tim get it? Is there a name to it? Hand it over, father. You have set me wild!"

He snatched the important paper from his father's hand, and read it with hasty eyes.

"I knew it was so," exclaimed Mr. Effingham. "I heard years ago that some unknown person was blackmailing Baily. I guessed the reason. But who that man is I have never been able to find out. And there is nothing here to show. The paper is not signed. The handwriting is strange to me."

"It may be traced," remarked his son, who had finished reading the paper. "And whenever Tim got this paper he may know something to add to it. If he puts us on the right track, father—"

"If he does he and Kathleen shall not want a wedding present, I promise you."

Impatient as they were they had to wait the progress of the fever to hear Tim's story.

That night his face and limbs cooled somewhat. His back was healing rapidly. The fever was drawing inflammation from it, and his healthy blood quickly reduced the bruised and swollen welts.

The next day he lay in a half stupor, only occasionally muttering his disjointed fancies.

Toward evening he fell into a deep sleep.

"He will be all right in the morning," said the doctor. "The fever is broken. His pulse has got back to the normal state. Don't let him be disturbed. This sleep will be the making of him. The fever has not lasted long enough to pull down his strength."

He was right. Tim woke the next morning in his full senses, and without an idea that he had lost several days from his life. He was weak, but he had a ravenous appetite. He determined to get up, in spite of all opposition, and a hearty breakfast sent new life through his veins.

He had hardly finished when the Effinghams appeared. They were rather taken aback to see the late invalid indulging eagerly in beef-steak. But their curiosity was stronger than their surprise, and they lost no time in demanding of Tim the story of his adventures.

He was quite willing to give it.

But he had not got half through his account of the crossing of the river before young Effingham broke out impatiently:

"Oh, drop all that! We will take that after. About this paper. How did you get it? What do you know about it? That's what we want."

"An' that's what ye'll git, when I come till it," answered Tim with dignity. "But I'll

niver begin a story at the tail ind, and crawl back till the head."

"Go on, Tim, your own way," said Mr. Effingham. "Let him alone, Horace. We have waited two days. We can wait ten minutes more."

Horace angrily bit his lips. But he forced himself to silence.

Tim continued his story, thrilling his listeners with excitement and indignation when he told of the outrage which he had suffered.

"Thank the saints, though, it's h'aled rapidly. Last night my back felt like coals o' fire, and now sure it's as cool as rose-water. It's a miracle it is, it sames to me."

They looked at each other. The good fellow was evidently ignorant that three days and a night had passed unknown to him. Nothing was said, however.

He resumed his story. The account of how he had turned the tables on his foes, and given them a full dose of their own medicine, was received with laughter and acclamations of applause.

"The deuce, Tim! Give me your hand," exclaimed Horace in delight. "If you had only served Spence Baily the same sauce now, it would be worth a gold medal."

"I'll do it yit," cried Tim. "By the sivin lakes o' Killarney I'll t'ache him the length of an Irishman's arm! An' I don't care a thruppence af he carries a million in ivery pocket of his breeches."

He resumed his story. The excitement of his listeners grew threefold as he related the important conversation he had overheard, and described how he had become possessed of the valuable paper.

"You didn't see the man's face, nor bear his name? That is unfortunate. That is the one link we want to complete the chain of evidence. Unless we find him all the rest is absolutely without value."

"It was onpossible to do't," replied Tim. "But I cotched the sound o' the gintleman's voice. I've got a swate ear fur music, Mr. Effingham, an' I'll not furgit it soon. Let me hear till the chap ag'in, that's all I ax."

"Ab! there may be something in that!" Mr. Effingham fell into a fit of musing.

"An' the paper's of importance, thin?"

"It is worth its weight in gold."

"An' how did ye git it? It was in me pocket the night." It was Tim's turn to be curious.

"The night, man! Why, you have lain here three nights in a fever. This is the fourth day since your escape."

In an instant Tim was on his feet, his face pallid, his hands trembling.

"Sure, an' it's not the truth ye're sp'akin'?"

"Why, yes, Tim. What ails you, man?"

"Kathleen, sir," exclaimed the lover, in a tone of agony. "That bloody banshee swore he'd st'ale her. An' it was to be done the next night. Oh, the holy marcy, af she's gone! af she gone—"

He wrung his hands with agony.

The two gentlemen looked at one another in surprise and dread.

"But it may be a mere threat, Tim. It is not easy to steal a girl from among her friends."

"It is 'asy enough fur him, wid his money, and his lyin' tongue," exclaimed the disconsolate lover. "Oh, sirs, what'll become o' Kathleen? What'll become o' my love?"

"Come, come, man. Cheer up. She may be all right. Are you strong enough to go back and seek her?"

"I'd go to the end o' the wored to sake her, an' af I had nothin' but my bones to travel wid!"

"Then come; we will go at once."

A half-hour afterward found them on the river, in a boat rowed by a pair of stout oarsmen.

The tide was running up-stream, and an hour more brought them to the point near Mike Malone's cottage, whence Tim had set out a few days before.

During this journey the lover had sat in a sort of stupor. Not a word came from his lips. But there was that in his eyes which bespoke a bitter revenge on Spencer Baily, if any harm had been done to the girl.

On reaching the river-shore this inactivity ended. A long leap took Tim to the bank. The boat was nearly upset by his wild spring. Heedless of this, he dashed onward toward the settlement of the laborers, leaving his companions to follow at their will.

They gained the village only to see signs of excitement, and hear tones of lamentation and of passion. Tim stood like a marble statue, his face frozen with grief, though his features worked convulsively with other feelings.

"Tell us at once!" cried young Effingham to the nearest villager. "Has anything happened to Kathleen? Is she gone?"

"Yes, your honor. She is stolen, I fear."

"But how? Where were you all? Were you cowards, fools or knaves?"

"The poor girl was tuk by desate, sir. She got a letter in Tim's handwritin', axin' her to mate him at a sartin place in New York. Nobody expected a scheme. She went, poor thing! She niver come back ag'in. We didn't know but she was ralely wid Tim till he come back hisself this minit."

"I'll kill the man if he's harmed my pretty flower! I'll kill him—kill him!" broke out Tim, in a passion of rage.

He rushed away and buried himself in O'Malley's cottage, as if he could not bear the eyes of compassion that rested on him.

"The letter! Have you the letter?" asked Mr. Effingham. "She may be traced."

"It is here, sir?"

Mr. O'Malley handed it to him with a look of appeal. The poor father seemed to have grown ten years older.

"At the corner of Eighth avenue and Fiftieth street," read Mr. Effingham. "Afraid to return, but must see you. Come after dusk, for I'm in hiding."

"Do you make any comfort out of it, sir?"

"It's a rascally scheme of abduction. But the detective-police may do something. I will not lose a minute in putting them on the track. Try and console Tim. We will do our best."

He hurried away, followed by his son. The hamlet remained a scene of grief and fury.

We must pass rapidly over the events of the few succeeding days. The locality of the supposed abduction was closely examined by the police, but nothing of importance discovered.

A carriage had been seen standing there. It had shortly afterward disappeared. But nothing suspicious had been observed.

The next effort was made at the house in which Tim had been confined. It was found to be empty, though furnished. A search of it revealed nothing suspicious. A watch was set upon it, with orders to closely follow any person who might be seen to enter it.

As a more promising scheme a spy was placed upon Spencer Baily, with orders to watch his every movement, to note what houses he entered, and with what persons he conversed. A close record of his every movement was to be kept, and reported at Headquarters. Every doubtful house he entered, every suspicious person he spoke to, were at once placed under guard.

"What is to come of it all?" asked Tim, who had regained some composure.

"I cannot tell," answered Mr. Effingham. "If he goes near the girl he will be nailed, I promise you that. If he keeps away from her she will be safe."

"But is there nothin' as I kin do? I'm beside meself wid rage and sorrow. And I'm 'atin' me heart out sittin' here in idleness."

"There is one thing," answered Mr. Effingham, musingly. "But I fear it will be too difficult."

"Af it's to jump down Niagara Falls I'll do it. Name it, sir, for marcy's sake, and rel'ave me feelin's."

"Do you know anything about the care of horses, Tim?"

"The care of horses is it? Sure and widout boastin' there's not a coachman in New York kin b'ate me. I druv for Lord Kinsale in the ould country."

"Then there is the chance to put you as a spy on John Baily. He has advertised for a coachman. If you can get the situation you may not only discover Kathleen, but also the man who stole the will."

"I'll do it, sir. I'll do anything rayther than stay nestin' here. But he'll niver give me the place. His son—"

"No fear of him. He sees nothing of his father's servants. He runs his own establishment."

"But I've got no riccimondations."

"Leave that to me. I'll see that you have good ones. Will you try it? Say the word!"

"Wid all me heart, sir. An' ye kin depind on me holdin' my tongue and usin' my eyes."

"Then you shall have the place. I can manage that. Come to me at three this afternoon for your recommendations."

CHAPTER IX.

OUT AT THE FRIENDLY.

OLD John Baily was a cunning, suspicious old coon. He was hardly half the size of his stout son, a thin, wizened fellow, with a pair of twinkling gray eyes. If he had any soul at all

it must have been the soul of a fox, for there was something foxy in his every look and movement.

Tim Finnigan, with his open ways and his innocence, was like a child in the hands of such an old ranger. To the sharp questions of the shrewd banker he more than once came near letting out the whole business. But his very innocence saved him, for the old trickster did not fancy that such a baby in the world's ways could hide anything from him.

"Your recommendations are first-class," he declared. "But don't ask me to believe that an Irish lord would have such a fellow as you for a coachman. That's too decidedly thin."

"Faix, he mought ha' gone funder widout findin' as good-lookin' a boy," answered Tim, with a grin. "Af ye'd seen me on Lord Kinsale's box, wid the blue and red livery, and a bokay in me buttonhole, ye'd said I was an honor to the perfession."

"All right, Tim, if that's your name," said the old man, with a cackling laugh. "I'll take you on these recommendations. Consider yourself engaged. My stables are in the rear. You can go out and make the acquaintance of the horses. They're hard-mouthed brutes. But you should have a strong wrist."

"You'd better belave it," replied Tim. "They'll niver run away wid me, I promise you."

He walked away, while the eyes of the banker admiringly followed his well-knit and stalwart frame.

"It wasn't the riccimondations did it," said Tim to himself. "It was Lord Kinsale an' the blue and gold livery. The little rooster wants to be druv by a lord's coachman. S'pose he thinks now he's in the 'ristocracy. Anyhow, Tim, ye're in luck, ye rogue."

Yet the new coachman soon found that his office was no sinecure. Old Baily used his carriage wherever he went, and Tim was kept at it day and evening.

"It's wuss nor stone-breakin'," declared Tim, after a day or two of this exercise. "Sure an' there's niver a taste of a rest. But there's this bit o' comfort. I've got me eye on the blissed ould blackguard wheriver he goes. 'Twixt me and the perlice we'll track the Baily foxes to their holes yit."

A week passed by with no show of a discovery. Tim's main duty was to drive his new master to the banking-house in the morning, and return for him in the afternoon. There were few evenings, however in which he had not some journey to make. It was in those trips that Tim kept his ears widest open.

Nor was there a visitor come to the house but the new coachman's ears were on the alert. His eyes were of no use; it was a voice he was on the trail of. Let him once hear that, and then eyes, legs and hands would come into the play.

This interval was of use in one way. Tim completely recovered from his hurts, and regained the strength he had lost through the fever.

As he drove out on the boulevard, dressed in a blue-and-red livery, imitated from that of Lord Kinsale, and with his button-hole bouquet,

there was not a man on the box could hold a candle to him.

His road-mending friends looked up in pride to see Tim lifted to such glory; but they took care not to recognize him—he had warned them against that.

Old Baily was proud of his new coachman, and rode out more than ever for the purpose of showing him off.

"Yes, he's not bad," was his off-handed remarked to some friends. "I had him imported expressly; the louts on this side know nothing about horses. Tim was trained in a good school. Lord Kinsale had him. I took him on my lord's recommendation."

He did not see the smiles behind his back at this foolish boast. The game of brag is a poor game to play on Americans.

This conversation took place in an inn out on the North River boulevard known as the Friendly—a noted place of resort for the fast drivers of that locality.

As Tim was watering his horses, a light road wagon drove briskly up. It was quickly drawn to a halt, and young Effingham jumped out.

"Hello, Tim!" he cried. "You here?— Here, take my horse." He threw the reins to an attendant. "Step aside here, Tim; I want a word with you."

They withdrew to a corner of the yard, out of hearing.

"Now, my lively lad, what's the news? Picked up any points? Heard that mysterious voice, eh?"

"Not a scrimption," answered Tim, a little disconsolate. "It's a thrifle down-hearted I'm gittin', Mr. Effingham, and that's the truth. Poor Kathleen! I'm a-thrembling fur her ivery minute o' me life."

"Don't worry, my boy. Nobody will harm her but Spence Baily, and if he goes near her, we'll nab him sure as shooting. Every step he takes is watched."

"An' he hasn't gone till her yit?"

"I fancy he is afraid. He is a keen fellow, and may have discovered his shadow. But the matter is in good train, my lad. So keep up your spirits."

He walked lightly away and into the inn. Tim, a little easier in his mind, returned to the care of his horses.

Just then there came the sound of wheels further down the road. They seemed driven at top speed, and Tim looked out with some interest. Three trotting wagons were perceived, coming on side by side at a racing gait.

"Some o' the bloods o' the boulevard," he muttered. "Fast young riprobates, wid more money in their pockets than brains in their skulls. An' racin' aich other down-hill to the divil, 'ager to see who'll smell the brimstone fu'st. Here they come, the rapscallions of the 'arth."

He drew suddenly back behind the shelter of his horses. For as the racing teams came up with a whirl, he recognized the driver of the first to be his deadly foe, Spencer Baily. It was not in Tim's plans to be seen just now.

"Won by a head and shoulders!" cried Baily, with a loud laugh. "You're in for the wine, Jack. And you for the oysters, Harry."

"All right. Here, hostler, bustle up. Look out for these animals.

They made their way into the hotel, Spence Baily quite unaware of the fierce eyes that glared at him so threateningly over the backs of the pair of dark bays.

It was perhaps as well for him that he failed to perceive his enemy. The near sight of him had roused the tiger in Tim's blood. The indignant lover was boiling over with fury for the injury to his sweetheart. A scornful word just then would have brought on a conflict which might have ended seriously for one or other of the foes.

Tim's blazing eyes followed Baily into the hotel.

"Af I had me will o' ye mebbe I'd t'ache ye how to laugh on the left side o' yer mouth, you thafe o' the world! It's cravin' I am to get me paws on yer throat, and squaze some o' the diviltry out o' ye.—But kape cool, Tim. Don't let yer timper run away wid ye, boy. These times it isn't the strong arm but the schamin' brain that wins."

A thought came to him. It might be well to let Mr. Effingham know of Baily's presence. He slipped into the hotel for that purpose. Fortunately he found Effingham alone, and told him quickly what he had seen.

At the same moment a tall gentleman, dressed in plain brown, and with an expression of easy carelessness lounged past. He gave Mr. Effingham an almost imperceptible sign on doing so.

"I know it, Tim," answered the young man. "Did you see the person who just passed?"

Tim turned hastily around but he was checked by a hand on his shoulder.

"There, there, keep cool. You are too skit-tish for the business you are on. That man is Spence Baily's shadow. He will not easily throw that bloodhound off his track. Now, Tim, we had best not be seen talking together. Remember your share of the work. You are to nail that voice."

"Ay, ay!" answered Tim. "I'll do my best, sir. But I'm sadly afeared I've mistook me vocation."

He turned away and went back to his horses, just as old Baily made his appearance at the hotel door.

In a few minutes they were driving briskly away.

Inside the Friendly Inn two things were taking place.

Effingham had sought out the gentleman in brown, and was holding a quiet conversation with him, in a retired alcove. After a few moments the detective spy moved away in his noiseless manner, and accosted the landlord.

"In number five, I think," said the latter, after a few words had passed. "Yes, number five. A bottle of sherry, oysters, and chops."

"Never mind. We won't disturb them. Send ale and chops to number seven. That will serve my turn."

The other thing referred to was the destination of the wine and oysters, spoken of by the landlord.

In room number five were seated Spencer

Baily and his two friends, gayly enjoying their set-out.

"You didn't expect to mate my roadster with those lame kids of yours?" he asked satirically. "My faith, I'm sore holding him in, so as to save your feelings."

"All right, Spence," came the laughing reply. "Brag's a good dog. Come, drain your glass, and save your breath to cool your porridge."

Baily did drain it, and continued to drain till the bottle was empty and another called for. By this time the wine was mounting into his head and loosening his tongue.

"I tell you, gentlemen," he at length cried in a boasting manner. "I am in a sort of quandary. I wish you'd use your wits, if you have any, to help me out."

"Trust us," answered the one called Jack. "But not so loud. We're not deaf, and—" He pointed to a door that communicated with the next room. "There are people in there, I fancy. If it is a secret—"

"Pshaw, there's nobody there. And if there is they can't hear me through an inch plank." He rose and tried the door. It was locked. "No danger from that quarter."

"It is a secret, then?" "It is about the girl. You know the story. I tell you she's a regular little Irish beauty. Some wine, Harry. I must drink her health."

"And here's to your success," cried Jack. "Have you found her kind and loving?"

"Hang it, man, there's the pith of the matter. I've got her safe enough, but I daren't go near her."

"Hillo!" cried Harry, with a laugh. "I thought you had a bolder heart. Is it her tongue or her finger-nails that you fear?"

"Neither. I'll tell you, for I may want your help."

"We're yours to the bone, Spence. Let out what's in the wind."

"The fact is," he continued, with an oath, "they have a rascally police spy on my heels. The chap is as sharp as a steel-trap, but I've twigged him. I haven't taken a step for a week except under his eyes. I'd like to salt the confounded rooster, but it's best to play sly."

"The deuce, Spence. That's an awkward predicament. To have a pretty young charmer under your wing, and afraid to go near her. Hang me if I'd relish that."

"That's not all. It's revenge on that devilish Irishman I want, as you know. He escaped me, hang him! He scored my men till their mothers wouldn't know them, the rascal."

"Then why don't you take revenge on him, instead of on the girl?"

"I can't find him. I have had New York searched, but the hound has hidden from my agents. He is in none of his old haunts, for I have bribed the most of his friends. Blast the dog. I'll sting him through the girl! He is welcome to her when she gets out of my hands."

"But how will you throw the police off the track?"

"I have my plan laid. They shall not find they are dealing with a fool. The girl is in the city now. But I am afraid the place is watched. She must be got to a den I have laid out

for her on Staten Island. I want your help. Can I trust to you?"

"You can, Spence. We're true blue."

"Did you say that door was locked?" asked the other. "I fancied just then I saw it a crack open."

He walked to the door and tried it. It resisted his hand.

"My eyes cheated me, I fancy. It is tight enough. What's your plot, Spence?"

His eyes had not cheated him. The door had been a crack open, and a sharp ear at the crack. It had silently closed at his words. It had not been relocked, but held fast by a hand on the key.

Several minutes passed, during which only inarticulate sounds were heard through the door. Then it slowly opened again.

No sound of voices came through. There were footsteps, and the slamming of the door.

The man with his hand on the key turned and looked at his companion. It was the police spy.

"By Jupiter, they broke off at the wrong moment!" he exclaimed. "I would have given something nice to hear that plot."

"What is to be done now?" asked Mr. Effingham from the table.

"To study their game, if it can be done. Spencer Baily is sharper than I gave him credit for. But if he throws me off the track he will need to be wide awake. Come, Mr. Effingham, they must not slip our eyes. Those two fast friends of his are our next game."

He left the room with his quiet, gliding step. Mr. Effingham followed with his sturdy stride.

CHAPTER X.

HOW TIM HAD HIS EYES CLOSED.

WE must shift the locality of our story to a district up the Hudson River many miles north of the city of New York. Here, not far back from the banks of the noble stream, stood a large and handsome country house, surrounded by richly ornamented grounds.

It was the residence of John Baily, who had moved thither a few days before the summer season.

His horses and carriages, and his new coachman, had been taken with him. In fact the rich banker was rather proud of the new figure at his reins, and had the fancy to show him to the folks around his country seat.

Tim was not altogether pleased with the change. He was being taken away from what he thought the ground of his labors, and from the prison of poor Kathleen.

"I'm sorely inclined not to go," he declared to Mr. Effingham. "I fale like a deserter, an that's the gospel truth. How is Kathleen to be iver found, sure, af Tim Finnigan gives over the hunt? Will ye tell me that now?"

"Lord, man, what are you doing to find her?" cried Horace.

"Nothin', sir, the more's the pity."

"Then you might as well be in Hong Kong as New York. You've got your task in hand, and that's to watch John Baily and his visitors. His precious son and his confederates are under guard, I tell you. You are of no more use to

us than a churning machine would be of use to a cow."

This argument settled Tim's scruples, and he went with Mr. Baily to his country seat. Here, as ordered, he kept a strict watch on all his visitors, so far as his stable duties permitted.

But these were mostly the people of the neighborhood. Tim got rather tired of this futile labor.

"It's dreadful aggravatin'," he said to himself as he made his way from the stable toward the house. "An' its moighty wearin' on the narves. I'd rayther be sellin' tooth-picks fur a livin'. Will Mr. Baily be wantin' the kerridge the day?" he inquired of the banker's valet.

"Don't know. He's got company in the back parlor. You'd best go ask him."

"An' git pie-crust for an answer," retorted Tim. "Reckon not, though I'm obleeged to ye fur yer good advice. So the masther's got company, has he?"

Tim lounged on through the house. The door of the back parlor was open and the sound of voices came from it.

The good fellow stopped as if he had been shot. For the moment he felt like leaping up and clapping his heels. He could not be mistaken. Mingled with the cracked tones of John Baily was the deep voice he had heard in the rookery.

"Save us and kape us!" he ejaculated. "Whatever am I to do at all? Af I slip off me boots and crape near 'em I'll be cotched, sure. Don't I wish I was a fairy, now; or a banshee, or summat o' the sort?"

His curiosity was so great that he could not keep himself from stealthily approaching the door of the room in hope of catching some stray words. He fancied that the man was after his allowance of blackmail.

Tim suddenly checked himself and drew close against the wall of the passage. The two persons in the room had risen and were approaching the door.

"I'll expect you, then. And I'll not stand being disappointed, mind you that. You have brought me here on a fool's errand. At eight to-night then, at the—"

"Yes, yes!" cried Mr. Baily, impatiently, as he stepped into the passage. "I'll be there, with the— Ha! what brings you here, you confounded Irish lout?" He had caught sight of Tim. "Answer, you jackanapes! What brings you here?"

"Sure an' I was afther comin' to ax af yer honor wanted the kerridge the day," answered Tim innocently. "Af I'd knowed ye was engaged, sur—"

"There, there! that will do," was the impatient interruption. "I don't think I'll want you. Get out!"

"The hosses is cravin' a run, sur," said Tim, drawing nearer, with the hope of spying the stranger, who had not yet left the room.

"All right. I'll send for you if I want you. Be off now. Don't you see I'm engaged?"

Tim could find no excuse to lengthen the interview. He slouched slowly away, a good deal disappointed. Yet there were chances still. The man was about to leave the house. He might be spied from the lawn in front,

Not many seconds passed ere the anxious spy made his way thither. Partly hidden behind a clump of bushes he waited with impatient curiosity.

Several minutes passed. Then he heard steps coming up the gravel walk in the opposite direction. He looked out around the bushes, but in an instant he drew hastily back, and flung himself prostrate on the grass.

It was the form of Spencer Baily he had seen.

While he lay crouching there other steps approached, this time from the house.

They met opposite the clump of bushes that concealed the spy.

"Ha! you here? Interviewing the old man?" cried Baily.

"Your turn has not come yet," was the cool answer, in the voice which the spy so well remembered. "I hope to have some similar pleasant interviews with you in the future."

"To bleed me, you blood-sucker!"

"Perhaps so. You can put it in that shape if you like. By the way, how about the Irishman and the stolen paper? Anything turned up?"

"No, shoot him! He has kept out of my sight. The fellow is not to be found."

"He must be found. We are not safe till that document is recovered."

"The more fool you for leaving it lying around loose."

"Hush! Here comes some one."

"It shall be found, I say. And if I don't teach my friend Tim a lesson— But that will do. Good-day."

"Good-day."

They separated, each taking his own direction. Tim remained crouching out of sight.

"Ye'll t'ache me a lesson, ye ugly spalpeen? Faix, if I ain't sadly desaved, it's yerself that's loikx to git the lesson. To think that he's huntin' me over all New York, an' I'm jist here at his elbow! Tim, it's a divil fur spyin', ye are."

The door of the house just then closed. Baily had entered. Tim sprung up and hastened through the trees and bushes toward the railing that bordered the lawn.

He was just in time to see a light road-wagon driving rapidly away. The driver wore a black coat and a gray slouch hat. He seemed of a tall and rather stout figure.

That was all that Tim could make out.

"By the siven pipers," he declared, "but it's the bad luck I've got. But the trail's warm, thank the stars! I'll run my fox to cover yit, wid the help o' the saints."

Meanwhile an interesting conversation was taking place inside the house, between the worthy father and son.

The cunning old man was laughing profusely over something that his son had just told him.

"I'm proud of you, my son," he said, in a tone of delight. "I never did anything neater myself. So you completely hoodwinked the police spy?"

"I fooled him nicely, I tell you," declared Spencer. "He tracked me out to the Friendly. I spied him, sharp as he is. I took a private room, with Jack and Harry Wilton. He was in the next room, with the door be-

tween, a crack open. I knew it all the time, though the blessed fool fancied he had me cleverly limed."

"And you talked the matter over?"

"Freely. I told him a good deal that he knew before, and nothing that he didn't. You may be sure I didn't breathe where the girl was. But I made a bargain with Jack and Harry. They were to carry off the girl for me to a Staten Island den."

"I see, I see. It was very neat."

"The spy took. They are watched like hawks," laughed Spencer. "Meanwhile two others of my agents have slipped the girl away, and brought her up here. She is in a house near Tellersville, back here in the hills."

"By Jove, Spencer, let me shake hands with you, boy! It does my heart good to find that you've got my own talents."

The two precious villains shook hands as warmly as if they had some very pious work in hand.

"Can you lend me your carriage and coachman? I want to run out to the cage and see my bird."

"You may have been tracked here," said the old man, cautiously.

"I think not."

"But there may be a spy on the house."

"That is so," Spencer fell into a fit of musing. "It might not be safe."

"I'll tell you what is to be done," remarked the old man, with a cunning leer. "I hardly think my movements are tracked. You must slip into the carriage slyly after the coachman is on the box. I'll manage so as to make him think it is me he is driving. I have every confidence in the fellow, but still—"

"Is it your famous Lord Kinsale coachman?" asked Spencer, with a laugh.

"The same. He's true blue. But we must be prepared for everything."

"I have never seen the fellow. No matter. Your plan's a good one. Order the carriage. I will be ready soon."

Within a half-hour Tim had a pair of horses in a closed carriage, drawn up near the side door of the house.

Old John Baily came out, dressed for a journey.

"Which way, yer honor?" asked Tim.

"To Tellersville. Look here, fellow. Isn't there a loose buckle at that off horse's head?"

"Dunno," answered Tim, sullenly. "But don't belave there is."

"It looks very much like it, at any rate."

Tim sprung from the box, a little angry at this doubt on his carefulness. As he walked muttering to the horse's head, Spencer Baily slipped from the open door, shot across the lawn, and disappeared within the carriage.

"Sure an' it's all sound and tight, sur."

"All right. Jump up, then. Drive brisk. Are you ready?"

"Yis, yer honor."

"Away, then."

The carriage-door closed with a slam. Without looking back Tim drove on, never dreaming that he had his deadly foe for fare, and that John Baily had remained behind.

Nor would Spencer Baily have been quite com-

fortable if he had known who drove the horses which were whirling him rapidly along the solitary country road.

For several miles the journey continued along a level road, running back to the river. Then it entered a hilly region. As they proceeded the road grew at intervals quite steep. The country here was rough and broken, huge rocks showing in places through the soil, with occasional clumps of pine and oak wood.

A couple of miles further brought them to a very rugged region.

"I didn't know the Tellersville road was so confoundedly rough," growled Baily, looking out of the carriage windows, "There'd be a sweet spot for a tumble."

Just there the road skirted the edge of a very steep slope, almost a precipice, of a hundred feet and more in depth.

"Hillo! what ails the fool? Is he going to tumble me over?" he exclaimed, as the carriage wheels touched the very edge of the precipice.

In his alarm he flung open the carriage door and looked out, quite forgetting his *incognito*.

"What in the blazes ails you, you stupid jack-ass? Are you trying to upset me down the hill?"

Tim, surprised at this voice, turned on his seat and looked back.

It was a moment of surprise and alarm. The two deadly foes glared in each other's faces with instant recognition.

"Tim Finnigan, by all that's rascally!"

"Spence Baily! An' where the devil's his daddy?"

"Hal! you hound! have I got you now?" exclaimed Baily, instantly realizing the situation. "Turn back into the road, you fool, or I'll put a bullet through your wooden brains."

He drew a pistol as he spoke.

Poor Tim, who was beginning to fancy that some fairy had changed father for son, completely lost his wits at sight of this deadly weapon.

He gave a hasty jerk on the reins, but unluckily on the wrong side.

The frightened horses swerved nearer to the precipice. In an instant the two wheels were over the edge, throwing the carriage at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Baily, who had been leaning out of the open carriage door, pistol in hand, was jerked clean out by this unlooked-for surge.

In an instant he was hurled down the steep hill, like a rock tossed by an earthquake.

At the same moment the horses leaped sharply forward, the carriage was jerked back into the road and righted, and the frightened animals dashed madly away.

One glance back showed Tim the deathly pale face of his foe, as he plunged down the steep declivity. The next instant the vehicle was whirled round a bend in the road, which shut the scene from view.

CHAPTER XI.

TIM STRIKES THE TRAIL.

IN a half-hour afterward Tim and his horses came down the road, past the country seat, at a tearing pace. He had managed to turn them in the hills and head them back, but it had proved

quite beyond his power to check the maddened brutes.

The good fellow was troubled by more than his runaway horses. What had happened to Spencer Baily? Was he dead? He must be. No man could be hurled down that precipice and live. And would he be accused of murder?

It was this that troubled Tim more than the accident to his foe; in his secret soul he rejoiced at that, as the consummation of the revenge he had sworn.

But what was to be done? Should he fly for his life? Or should he face the music and try to prove that it was an accident?

The horses settled the question for him. Recognizing their home they turned shortly and dashed through the gate, overturning the carriage, and flinging Tim heavily from the box.

But he fell on the soft grass, and sprung to his feet unhurt. He rushed to the horses, just as some of the servants were running up in the opposite direction.

But the animals after completing the mischief, had stopped of their own accord, the ripped and broken carriage behind them.

"What is the matter? What does this mean?" exclaimed old Baily, rushing hastily out.

"Faix, ye kin thank yer stars that the fairies changed ye intill your son," answered Tim dryly. "The ugly brutes ran away and tossed him out o' the kerridge. An' me two arms is a'mos' pulled off tryin' to hould 'em."

"But where is Spencer? Where is my son?" He shook his fist at Tim in impotent rage.

"He's at the fut o' the little hill ayant the Tellersville road. An' I'm sadly in doubt af he he's alive to tell how much he's hurted, the poor sowl."

"By Heaven, if he's dead I will have you hung, you villain! After him, men. Take the barouche. Let this fool go with you for guide. And be sure you bring him back. If he's killed my son I'll hang him!"

It was evident that, rascal as old Baily was, he loved his son as the apple of his eye, and his rage and grief were pitiable to behold, as he hissed out these words.

Tim felt anything but comfortable as he accompanied the servants to the scene of the accident. If he should be brought to trial, and it should come out what reason he had to hate Spencer Baily, he might be adjudged guilty of murder.

They found the victim at length, half-way down the hill, where he had been caught by two saplings that grew across the line of his fall.

He was evidently not dead, but both legs were broken, and his head had received a severe contusion. He was utterly senseless.

With the utmost care the servants picked him up and bore him to the carriage. A bed was made of the cushions, and in this way he was borne slowly home.

Tim had taken good care to point out the spot where the wheels had slipped over the edge, and also where the road had been torn by the feet of the runaway horses. The pistol which had been dashed from Baily's hand was also picked up. He was shrewd enough to provide witnesses in case of danger.

In an hour afterward the wounded man was

placed in bed in his father's house, and the nearest doctor sent for. At the same time a telegram was dispatched for an eminent physician from New York.

Tim, who had got over his first fright, and whose wits were returning, had his own telegram to send. He was getting through his thick brain the reason that Spencer Baily had driven *incognito* to Tellersville.

As a result of his reflections he telegraphed to Horace Effingham:

"Come up here at once. Bring the spy. There's trouble. Kathleen is somewhere about here. Will meet you at the village inn."

The day passed slowly by. Young Baily still continued insensible. The neighborhood doctor had come, and had shook his head gravely over the case.

"Bad fractures. Very bad. Left leg compound, I fear. Hope it will not be amputation—sincerely hope so. Head contusion bad also; can't decide about that yet. Not dangerous, I hope. Any answer from my New York brother in the profession?"

"Yes, he will be here at eight o'clock."

"Very well; I must consult with him before endeavoring to set the bones. An awkward fracture—a very awkward fracture."

The day passed slowly by. At six o'clock in the afternoon John Baily sent for his coachman. Tim came to him in dread and trembling. Bold and strong as the good fellow was, he had an immense fear of the law, and in his ignorance was not sure but that he was sent for to be hung on the spot.

He was not much reassured by the old man's sullen and angry looks. For several minutes he glared at him without a word. Tim stood speechless.

"It's lucky you didn't quite kill the boy, you confounded catamaran," hissed the furious banker. "If you had, by Jove you should have hung for it. There, that will do. Stir yourself. Get out the gig. Put in the sorrel. I am going to give you a chance to break your own ugly neck."

"Yis, sur. I'll do my best, your honor."

Tim turned away with a glimpse of hope. He remembered the interview fixed for eight o'clock that evening.

Before he had the horse quite geared Mr. Baily came impatiently out. He held in his hand a small canvas bag and a letter.

"Are you ready?" he demanded.

"In a minute, sur."

Tim continued busily engaged with his straps and buckles.

"You know the road to Norman's—on the river, twelve miles below here?"

"Sure, an' I'll find it 'asy."

"Take this bag and letter; be sure you don't lose them. And mind you, I want you to reach the village before eight."

"That's 'asy done, anyhow."

"You will go to the hotel there and ask for Mr. Jenkins. Give him the bag and letter, and tell him—"

"Mr. Jenkins what, sur?" interrupted Tim. "There's mony a one o' the name, an' it's loth I'd be to make a mistake."

"George E. Jenkins. If you make another

blunder I'll hang you sure. Tell him it was impossible for me to come. You can tell him what a sweet kettle of fish you've made, if you choose."

"I'll do that same, sur," answered Tim, putting on his stupidest look.

"Hang me if I know if you're most fool or knave! A little of both, I judge. Away now. See that you do your errand right. If you choose to break your neck coming back, I'll forgive you."

"I'll try my best, your honor. I know ye'll give me a dacent funeral."

Away drove Tim, leaving the old man gazing after him in some doubt.

"I wonder if the hound will open that bag, and run off with the money? I don't like his confounded Irish wit, hang him!"

Tim, for his part, was in the best of good humor, as he drove rapidly along the smooth river-side road.

"Af he on'y knowed, wouldn't he be ravin?" he ejaculated. "The ould fool is sendin' the fox to look afther the chickens. It's workin' nately, and no mistake. I hope Mr. Effingham and the spy won't miss comin'. It's not good I am at schamin', and I'd be contint to lave that, wid my blessin', to the spy."

The horse was full of life and spirit, and whirled the light vehicle along at a rapid rate.

By half-past seven Tim had reached the small village known as Norman's. Here he sought the hotel, an old-fashioned country inn.

Leaving his horse to be cared for, after his long, sharp trot, he entered the hotel. The landlord bustled up to meet him.

"I bel'ave there's a gintleman here as I'm to see."

"What is the gentleman's name?"

"Mr. George E. Jenkins, at yer sarvice."

"Yes. He is expecting you, I think. Walk into the parlor. I will have him called."

In a few minutes afterward a person entered the parlor, on whom Tim fixed his eyes with a scrutinizing glance.

He was a tall and rather stout individual. His face showed signs dissipation. It was strongly marked, the nose broad at the tip, the mouth wide with thick lips, the eyes furtive and uncertain. His dark hair was streaked with gray, while his short whisker was nearly white.

The person stopped suddenly on seeing Tim, with a look of surprise and disappointment.

"Who are you? You are not the man I expected."

"I niver said as I was," answered Tim. "I'm here to see Mr. Jenkins, af ye pl'ase."

"That is my name."

"Mr. George E. Jenkins?"

"Yes, yes. What do you want?"

"And who did ye expect? Af it's no harm to ax."

"Not you, my man. And I want no impertinent questions. What are you after?"

Tim coolly seated himself, not very well pleased with this reception. He was bound to make sure he had nailed his man.

"I'm afther a man as can answer imperdent questions, af they're axed perlately. I riprissent a gintleman, af I'm not one meself, and I won't

have the masther's honor repudiated. I'm sadly afear'd ye're not the man I was tould to ax for."

"You asked for George E. Jenkins."

"There's maybe two o' the name."

"Hang it, fool! Do you want me to prove that I own my name?"

"Percisely that same. Ye'll tell me that name o' the gintleman ye expected, or I'll go back till the gintleman as sent me."

"You will have it then!" cried Jenkins, with a vexed laugh. "It is Mr. Baily, Mr. John Baily, I expected."

"Faix now, that's to the p'int," answered Tim. "I'm to tell ye that Mr. Baily couldn't come. 'Kase why, hisson got a thrifle of a toss out o' the kerridge this afternoon, and he's at the p'int o' death this blessed minit. Sure there's no less nor two doctors settin' on him."

"The deuce! That's news."

"Consequently I'm to hand ye this bit o' a bag, and the letter forninst it."

Jenkins eagerly seized the articles which Tim offered him. He restrained his impatience, however, and asked some questions about the accident.

"Wait for me. There may be an answer. I will be back in a few minutes."

He left the room. Tim remained there in a deep cogitation.

"Got him now, sure as hog meat's bacon. It's workin' n'ately fur Mr. Effingham."

Mr. Jenkins was back inside of five minutes.

"Tell Mr. Baily that it's all right."

"And isn't there no resate?"

"No receipt is necessary."

"Indade it is then. The old coon'd be sw'arin' I was a thafe. An' there's another thrifle, Mr. Jenkins. He bid me tell ye that he's l'arned somethin' 'bout the paper as was stole from yerself and Masther Spencer."

"The deuce he did!"

"It's to see you somewhere he wants. But not at the house."

"By George that's good news! Hang it, man, come and take a snoozer on the strength of it. Wait for me. I will write a note to Mr. Baily. Landlord, take this man's order for any liquor he fancies."

Ere many minutes more Tim was on the road again, with the note to John Baily safely placed in his breast pocket.

He congratulated himself on his success.

"Ye're a coon, Tim Finnigan, af it's yerself says it. Jinkin's is niver his r'ale name, and ye mought ha' lost sight o' him inthirely on'y fur the bit o' comether 'bout the paper. It's an app'intment there is here, af I'm not sadly desaved. But if Mr. Baily sees that bit o' a letter, wid my good-will, it'll be when the cocks quit crowin' fur Christmas."

It was something after nine o'clock when he reached his house on his return.

"Is the docther here?" he asked anxiously of one of the servants.

"He is. It's a bad business for you, Tim. The left leg may have to come off, and it's a chance if his brain isn't injured. He is raving like a lunatic."

"Faix an' I'm not responsible fur his owu doin's. He frightened the wits cl'ane out o' me wid a pistol."

Tim hastened to put up the horse. He had business of his own in the neighborhood. The evening train from New York was nearly due at the station, a mile distant. He hurried thither, after learning that Mr. Baily was at the bedside of his son.

The train came rolling in. Two of the passengers he instantly recognized as Mr. Effingham and the quiet-faced person he had seen at the Friendly Inn.

"Hillo, Tim! what's up! Got your telegram?"

"Everything's up, sur. It's all under my thumb-nail. An' thank the stars ye're here, fur things is jist b'ilin' hot!"

CHAPTER XII.

A CHASE THROUGH THE HILL COUNTRY.

It was the day after that of the events just narrated. At the Baily mausion a state of terrible anxiety prevailed. The doctors had decided that one leg must come off. It was impossible to save it.

The brain trouble of the injured man was still serious. During most of the time he was insensible. His short intervals of recovery were filled with wild ravings. The doctors shook their wise heads in doubt.

Tim was in a stew. It was important that he should be with Mr. Effingham and the spy to assist them in their search, but it was not safe for him to leave the house. Any absence now might raise suspicion. It was safest to face the music.

The two scouts had started early that morning for Tellerville. They had a double duty to perform. Kathleen was undoubtedly to be found somewhere in that locality.

In the second place, the letter from Jenkins, which Tim had duly handed to Mr. Effingham, read as follows:

"I will see you to-morrow at the old place at T. Will wait till you come, as I hear you are in trouble."
"BEN."

T., they decided, must be Tellersville. But who was Ben? It looked as if George E. Jenkins was an assumed name, as Tim had imagined. The position was awkward. Tim, who alone knew him, was tied. How was he to be identified if seen? Tim's description might be of some use, but his eyes would have been of much more.

Sharp as the spy was he seemed destined to be disappointed. The small village of Tellersville was thoroughly canvassed, but not the slightest trace could be found of the abducted girl. None of the inhabitants had seen anything suspicious.

"It looks decidedly like a wild-goose chase, Mr. Effingham," said the spy, shaking his head. "I've had my doubts of it from the first. That Irishman is thick-headed. I'm of the notion that he was recognized by Spencer Baily, and that this little scheme has been got up for the purpose of throwing us off the track."

"Men don't break their legs for the purpose of fooling their coachman."

"Oh, that was a scene not down in the bills. You can't count in accidents."

"Well, I tell you this. Tim is not the fool

you take him for. And Spence Baily did not start on that secret ride without an object."

"I wish the ride had been finished. It might have led to our point of discovery."

"And this letter? The fellow is around here somewhere. And I'll swear if Tim wants the girl I want the man. *Ben somebody* is my game."

"The hiding-place is not in the town. I am satisfied of that. And one would hardly think the farmers around here would go into such a business. But there's nothing left but to investigate the farm-houses."

At four o'clock that afternoon, while Tim was busily engaged in currying one of his horses, he heard something that gave him a start. It was simply a question asked of one of the servants, who stood near.

"Is not this Mr. Baily's residence?"

"It is."

"I have a note here for Mr. Spencer Baily, which I wish delivered immediately."

The servant shook his head.

"It is out of the question, sir."

Tim, who was peeping through the thick mane of the horse, saw the man slip a piece of money into the servant's hand.

"It is important. I have reasons for not going to the house myself."

"I tell you it can't be done. Have you not heard of the accident?"

"The accident? What accident?"

"Mr. Baily was flung from the carriage and nearly killed. Both legs broke. The doctors are sawing off one leg now. And he's got a knock in the head which it's a chance if he ever gets over."

"Bless us, man! You don't tell me that? How did it ever happen?"

"Upset by a stupid coachman. Flung downhill. It's a mercy he wasn't killed on the spot."

A deep exclamation came from the man's lips. He asked a few more questions of the servant. He then turned and walked away, with a worried and perplexed look.

"Got you twigged, my coon," muttered Tim. "Jist as sure as I'm a livin' Irishman I've seen you afore, my charmer. Where was it? Won't some fairy post me on that?"

He left his horse and followed the man slyly along the road. They did not go far. At the first turn the man had a saddle-horse tied to the fence. This he unhitched and mounted, riding slowly off.

Tim took a last look. Then he slapped his knee with violent delight.

"By the siven pipers I've got him! An' af I let the little joker out o' my sight you kin sell me fur a jackass."

He hurried back to the stable, saddled and bridled the horse he had been cleaning, and sprung to his back.

"I'll get into throuble maybe. But I don't care a thraneen af they sind me to prison afther. It's Kathleen, bless her sw'ate eyes! It's Kathleen that's drawin' my heart afther her."

Within five minutes afterward a servant came hastily to the stable.

"Where's Tim? Where's the coachman?"

"Can't say. What's the matter?"

"Mr. Spencer has come to his senses, and swears the fellow flung him down the precipice on purpose. He must be stopped. Mr. Baily has sent for an officer."

"I just heard a horse's tread outside. By Heaven, the sorrel saddle-horse has gone! He has taken the alarm and made tracks."

"The deuce you say! He must be pursued. Hold hard, I will advise Mr. Baily and get his orders. Gear up the bays while I am gone."

He ran hastily from the stable in a state of intense excitement.

Meanwhile Tim was urging the sorrel roadster at a brisk pace. The man he was pursuing had a fair start, and the good fellow was eager to get his eyes on him again.

There was one satisfaction. He could not leave the road for more than a mile without taking to the fields.

"An' he'll scarce be afther doin' that," said Tim, "fur he don't dr'ame there's a bloodhound on his scent. Af he's done any harm to Kathleen I'll ate him alive, and without salt and pepper."

A half-mile brought him to a straight reach in the road. Here he got a long view ahead, and to his delight caught sight of a horseman, proceeding at a brisk canter.

Tim had noticed the horse before, as a tall, bony gray.

"That's my man," he muttered. "It's to kape him in sight, and myself out o' sight, that's to be done now."

For several miles the chase continued. Tim kept well in the rear. He was out of sight the most of the time, on account of the curves in the road. But he took care to get an occasional glimpse of the chase.

The latter headed straight back, toward the hill-country. Soon they were in the rolling ground, and climbing up through the hills.

Tim shuddered on rounding the precipice where, the day before, the accident had occurred. He would have given much if it had not happened. Much as he had reason to hate his foe, there was a soft heart in the good fellow's bosom.

As they progressed the road grew straighter and less rugged.

"He's headin' for Tellersville," said Tim in delight. "Af I'm not sadly desaved, it's straight to Kathleen he's takin' me."

So far he had not been observed by the man he was pursuing. Here it was easy to keep out of sight, for the road wound considerably. And the pursuer was in no dread. There were no side-roads to trouble him.

He hung back, therefore, and jogged on easily. Caution was needed. If the game should take the alarm now it might spoil all.

In fact, the man in advance seemed to grow suspicious as he got further into the hill-country. He frequently looked behind and around him.

"All safe," he muttered, as he stirred up his horse and trotted briskly forward.

Ten minutes afterward he checked his speed, and turned from the road into a narrow lane leading inward. Whither it ran could not be very well made out. It entered a thick grove of trees, through which nothing could be seen from the road.

But he had not escaped the eyes of his pur-

suer. For at the moment of his leaving the road Tim had gained a high point that gave him a long view over the surrounding country.

He saw two things that interested him.

One of these was the entrance of the horseman to the roadside lane. The other was the view, at about a half-mile back, of a light carriage, drawn by two bays, and coming onward at a spanking pace.

Far off as it was he recognized the team at sight.

"Sure an' they're afther me, for them's Mr. Baily's own hosses," he cried, with a nervous thrill. "Maybe it's died he has, an' the gallows is a-cravin' me. Time's precious now, Tim, me boy."

He trotted onward at the full speed of the sorrel.

But his pursuers had caught sight of him at the same moment that he spied them. There was a triple chase along that lonely country road. A touch of the whip sent the bays flying forward.

The situation was growing rather complicated. Somewhere in that region Kathleen was held prisoner under order of the villainous Spencer Baily, who was quite unable just then to molest her. Somewhere there the holder of the false will was waiting for an interview with John Baily, who was utterly ignorant of the fact. Somewhere Horace Effingham and his companion were seeking the stolen girl among the scattered farm-houses. And here was Tim trailing the man whom he believed to be the jailer of his sweetheart, and trailed himself by a party sent to arrest him on a criminal charge.

It was a decidedly mixed situation.

Reaching the entrance to the lane, Tim plunged into it without drawing rein. He hoped by the suddenness of the movement to fool his pursuers.

The thick growth of timber lay before him. He reined up his horse to a slower pace as he rode into it.

He had not gone many paces before the outlines of a house were visible through the trees. He approached it cautiously. He soon saw that it was a retired farm-house, surrounded by a grove of trees. It was a rambling stone building, long and low.

Tim paused in the inner circle of trees. No one was visible. The man he sought had disappeared. He sprung from his horse and tied him to a tree, while he cautiously approached the house on foot.

"There's the track o' the gray," he said to himself. "It was in here he went. Af Kathleen's in the place I'll have her out, bless her, af there's a regiment of 'em, and I've got to slather the whole caboogin."

He paused. He had caught sight of something at an upper window that for the moment attracted all his attention.

It was the glimpse of a red ribbon, and of a girl's face dimly seen through a lace curtain.

"By the blessid saints, it's her own swate face, or my eyesight ain't worth a hap'orth!"

There came a whirl of wheels behind him, unheard in his preoccupation.

The carriage drew up and two men sprung to the ground.

"You are our prisoner, Tim Finnigan."

A heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

This called the distracted lover to himself. He looked to right and left. There was a strong man on each side, who had caught him by the arms.

"What do ye want?" he asked, hoarsely.

"We want you on the charge of attempting to murder Spencer Baily."

"Let go!" he cried, fiercely.

"Never."

A quick surge of the powerful frame, a vigorous fling of the steel-like arms and the two men were hurled prostrate to the ground.

"Now kape yer distance," yelled the huge fellow, as he closed his ponderous fists. "I'm not wantin' to harm ye, but I'm dangerous just now."

They rose to their feet and eyed him doubtfully. But the outcry alarmed the house. Two men came out and stood on the steps. Another man and a woman were visible within.

"Help, in the name of the law!" cried one of Tim's assailants. "We are arresting this man as a criminal."

The men ran forward.

"Hands off," cried Tim, his big frame swelling; "I know ye, ye spalpeens."

"Know us?"

"Yes. Ye b'ated me onc't wid a rawhide, and by that same token ye got a return o' that same. Now, I've me be, fur I'm a divil if I'm roused."

The men's eyes blazed with hatred as they recognized their foe.

"Come on," they said to the two others. "We owe him a lesson, the hound!"

"Faix, ye'll find me an apt scholard."

His brawny fist took the foremost of his foes under the chin, and lifted him from his feet, as it hurled him to the ground.

The other three ran forward. Tim stepped back a pace to meet them.

At that critical instant he heard a window lifted, while the tones of a well-known voice came to his ears.

"Tim, Tim! It's me! It's your Kathleen! It's a prisoner I am, darlint!"

It was an unlucky call. The brave fellow's attention was distracted for the moment. Ere he could recover the three men were upon him. In a minute they had him fast, a rope around his arms, firm hands on his shoulders.

"You'll go with us, my man."

Tim struggled to escape, but in vain. They were too many for him.

"Oh, Kathleen—Kathleen!" he cried, in an agony. "They've got me, the bloody spalpeens! It's break me heart it will!"

"That's no worse than breaking a gentleman's legs," said one of the captors. "Into the carriage with him; back he goes."

"Hold, there!"

This was a new voice. Tim turned quickly, to behold the faces of Mr. Effingham and his associate.

"What does this mean?" cried the police-agent, sternly. "Where is your warrant to arrest this man?"

"What is it your affair?"

"This." In an instant a knife was drawn across Tim's bonds. "If it's fight you want,

gentlemen, you can be accommodated. But—
You are an officer, I believe?"

He addressed one of the carriage men.

"I am."

"Then you may recognize this badge."

"A detective?"

"Just so; up here on a lay. Hold there, my men! I may have some business with you."

This was to the two men from the house, whom Tim had recognized as his acquaintances from the Rookery.

It was one of these men who had sought an interview with Spencer Baily, and whom he had followed to that locality.

"I don't care for that!" cried the village officer. "Tim Finnigan has made a murderous assault upon a gentleman, and back he goes with me. So— Where the deuce is he?"

Tim had disappeared.

At that moment there came a sharp cry from the door of the farm-house, which turned all eyes in that direction.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MEETING OF THE LOVERS.

It was by a rare streak of good luck that Mr. Effingham and his associate had reached that lonely mansion just in time to take part in the interesting game that was going on there.

They had been driving around the country in a buggy all that day, from house to house, and had, by chance, caught sight of the chase and pursuit which we have just described.

They were not far away, in the opposite direction, and had driven hastily up, in time to take a hand in the bit of sport which was just then afoot.

During the short conversation between the detective agent and the country officer Tim had not been idle. The pleading face of Kathleen was still at the farm-house window. Her voice yet rung in his ears. He was no sooner at liberty than he ran hastily to the house, heedless of all but the one object.

But, as we have said, a man and woman stood at the farm-house door. At the moment when Tim reached it they were joined by another man, who came excitedly forward.

"What is the row?" he nervously cried. "Anything wrong?"

Tim, who was pushing blindly forward, turned hastily at the voice. One glance was enough. Voice and face were unmistakable. It was Jenkins, the holder of the false will.

In an instant Tim's hand was clapped on his shoulder, with a fierce clutch.

"Ho, Mr. Detective!" he shouted. "Come this way wid ye! Niver mind them spring ducks; I've cotched the turkey buzzard."

"What do you mean, fellow?" cried Tim's prisoner, angrily.

He made a desperate effort to break loose, but he was clutched as in the jaws of a vise.

"Now kape still, Ben. Don't ye be afther annoyin' me."

This name had a strange effect. The man wilted as if he had been struck with a dagger. Evidently he had been sailing under false colors.

Jenkins recovered his senses and made another vain effort to throw off the clutch from his shoulder.

"Kape 'asy, you omadhoun," growled Tim. "My timper isn't the sw'atest in the world af ye rouse it."

"What is wrong? Who is it?" demanded Mr. Effingham, excitedly.

"Cain't guv ye his right name fur he carries 'em by the bagful. But he's your game. It's the coon what's got the will. Hould him fur all ye're wu'th, fur he's a reg'lar gould-mine."

With a strong jerk Tim sent his captive spinning across the floor into the hands of the police agent.

Without pausing to see what became of him the anxious lover darted onward into the interior of the house.

"I'm comin', Kathleen!" he yelled. "Be 'asy, darlint. Af they've hurted you the l'aste thrifle I'll slather the caboodle of 'em into mince-meat. And I m'ane ivery word o' that same."

A flight of stairs was before him. Up he went like a deer. Still another flight took him to the upper floor.

"Kathleen, where are you, avick?"

"Here, Tim dear."

The voice came in muffled tones from behind a door to his left. He grasped the handle. It failed to yield to his hand. It was locked, and the key had vanished.

The big fellow drew off and glanced askance at the door.

"Are ye near the door, Kathleen?"

"Indade I am, Tim."

"Then l'ave it, dear. I'm comin', and there mought be splinters flyin'."

Pausing to give her time to take his warning, he drew back a step further, and then plunged his powerful shoulders against the closed door, with the force of a maddened bull.

There was a splintering of wood, a tinkle of iron, and then the door flew open as if struck by a twenty-pound shot, the lock being torn completely loose from its fastenings.

There before the honest fellow stood Kathleen. To his eyes she seemed a sudden sunrise of beauty in that shadowy room, with her sparkling eyes, her flushed cheeks, her parted lips, the glow of joy and love in her face.

And to the captive girl Tim was just then a paragon of manly strength and beauty.

A quick leap, an inarticulate cry, and she was folded in his arms, and pressed tightly to his beating heart, while he kissed the tears from her wet eyes.

"Ye won't call me a thafe now, fur st'alín a kiss?" he murmured.

"Not the l'aste in the wrld, Tim, dear, fur ye can jist put it back where ye stole it from, darlint, an' it'll niver be missin'."

As may be imagined, an ardent lover was not long in replacing his stolen goods, and for several minutes the rejoined sweethearts quise forgot the world in which they stood.

We will not weary the reader by describing in detail the events that succeeded. As will be perceived everything had worked together in the neatest manner. The abducted girl was rescued, and by a lucky chance the holder of the stolen will was traced to the same locality.

In fact the farmer whose domicile was thus invaded had long been suspected as up to more roguish tricks than selling short weight potatoes

and wheat, and had at last been nailed in his rascality.

The upshot of the business was that he, together with Baily's two villainous agents in the abduction, were marched off to the Tellersville jail, there to answer for their share in the villainous plot.

"Do you want Tim Finnigan still?" asked the police agent of the country officer.

He pointed to Tim, who stood aside hand in hand with Kathleen, the two lovers as happy as two daisies.

"Why, I have no warrant, you know."

"It is just as well. I happen to have one against Spencer Baily. From all I hear he will not run away soon. But I will put it in your hands, to serve if necessary."

"What is the charge?"

"Abduction. He was the rough that had our little Irish beauty locked up in this out-of-the-way prison. And I've a shrewd notion that Tim did himself and Kathleen a mighty good service in spilling the rascal down-hill, and breaking his confounded legs."

"This is all very amusing," exclaimed Jenkins, who had remained under the watchful care of Mr. Effingham. "But what have I to do with it? By all that's good I'll find out who has the right to assault a gentleman without a warrant. I'll make you sweat for this, Horace Effingham!"

"How do you know my name?"

"I—I heard—that Irishman—"

"You lie like a thief. He did not mention it. You know me, I see. And I know you. After I am done with you I give you liberty to take the law."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you," rejoined Effingham, in a low, stern tone. "You talked a trifle too loud on a certain night, when you told Spencer Baily the story of the stolen will. And you were a little green to leave an important paper on the table behind you. In the second place you were a fool to take John Baily's bribe from any hands but his own. Do you understand now?"

The fellow turned as white as a sheet at these meaning words. But after a minute he recovered his effrontery.

"I deny it all," he said. "I defy you to prove it. It was all idle blow you overheard. If I have the lost will, where is it?"

"I calculate to have it in my hands before you are a week older," answered Effingham, significantly.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PLOT TURNS AGAINST THE PLOTTERS.

A WEEK had past since the events recorded in the last chapter. Much had taken place in the mean time. The farmer, and the two Rookery villains, had been examined before a magistrate, and remanded to the Tellersville jail, for trial on the charge of abduction and false imprisonment.

As for Spencer Baily the information Tim had heard was true, his left leg had been amputated. He had recovered from the trouble in his head, but he would be lame for life as a reward for his attempted abduction.

And in addition to the warrant of arrest

which hung over him, other disturbing tidings had come to his ears and those of his villainous father. In fact they had heard of the arrest of Jenkins, and on what charge. The whole ill-gotten fortune of the millionaire was trembling in the balance.

As for our remaining characters, Kathleen had been brought back in triumph to the home of her father. The return of the lovers had been received as a regular ovation by their happy and enthusiastic friends.

But the successful scout had not gone back to his old profession of road-mending. He had other fish to fry.

In fact he was now custodian of a house in the vicinity of Hoboken that held, in one of its upper rooms, an important prisoner.

This was no less a person than George E. Jenkins, the holder of the stolen will.

Why had he not been put in the city prison, to be brought up regularly for trial?"

The answer is easy. His captors were far too wide-awake for that. There was no evidence sufficient to convict him. If he chose to deny the possession of the will what could be done? They would have their labor for their pains.

Were they then keeping him with the object of scaring or bribing him into confession? Not at all. Effingham knew the quality of his prisoner too well to try that game.

But as good luck had it the captors held a far surer card. The conversation which Tim had overheard in the Rookery was not forgotten. Part of the revelation to Spencer Baily in that conversation had been that Jenkins had provided against every contingency. If he were put out of the way the will would be handed to its true owner. If he even disappeared for a week the same consequence would take place.

This had been provided as a safeguard against violence from the Bails. He had not dreamed of capture and confinement from the opposite party. And this party had understood their game well enough to spread far and wide the report that John Baily had made way with his blackmailing agent. The trap was well laid and neatly baited.

As the week of confinement approached its end the prisoner grew exceedingly nervous and uneasy.

He had made more than one effort to escape, but in vain. Tim was not left alone in his duty. It was too important to hold the prisoner to leave the charge to a single man.

Failing to escape he had attempted bribery. But he might as well have tried to move an oak tree with a breath of wind.

"Af ye'll kape yer dirty money till it's axed fur I'll be much obleeged to ye," said Tim angrily. "Afore I git rich off a rogue's money I hope to be tied neck an' heels, an' tossed intill the North River like a mangy cat."

"See here, man," cried the tempter. "You have to work for day's wages. I'll plank you down two, yes, three thousand dollars just to forget to lock that door. It'll be a fortune for you in the West."

"I've got a fortune already," rejoined Tim, "that ye ain't got money enough to match."

"You have? What is it?" was the incredulous question.

"It's an honest heart in an honest breast. An' that's more nor all John Baily's money kin buy him."

"But there's that pretty girl, your sweetheart Kathleen. Think of it. You can marry and place her in comfort. Think of Kathleen with a farm-house, chickens, ducks, and you for her husband, with your fields of wheat and corn waving in the wind. And all for what? To set an innocent man out of the hands of his persecutors."

"It's a swate picture ye draw," answered Tim. "I'd sooner see it than Paradise. But ye can't tempt me wid all yer promises. Mr. Effingham's my best friend in Amerikay, ye thafe. Ye've robbed him of his rights, and af he tells me to squaze it out o' yer carcass I'll do it. Put that in yer pipe and smoke it, Mr. Jenkins."

Tim withdrew from the room, leaving the prisoner in despair.

It was the last day of the week of his imprisonment. His orders to his confederates were strict. If the evening of that day came without his putting in an appearance, the package left in their hands was positively to be delivered to Mr. Effingham.

He had got himself into an awkward scrape by his smart provision against contingencies. It had never occurred to him that he might be held by the wrong man.

As the day passed on he writhed, foamed, cursed. He was in a fury of despair. Of all the sums he had received of John Baily hardly a penny was left. And now his own hand had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

As the evening of that day approached his despair became overwhelming. He flung himself on the floor of his prison in a half stupor, utterly overcome by the violence of his passions.

The supper pushed in to him lay untouched. The evening gloom grew. The darkness of night gradually thickened. The despairing villain arose, flung back the matted hair from his eyes, and approached the window to look out.

In an instant he started back in hope and alarm. He had caught sight of a face looking in at him through a lower pane of the window.

Ere he could recover from his astonishment, there came a faint scratching sound. A tinkle followed. The pane of glass fell out, cut by a diamond.

"Ben," whispered a voice through the aperture.

He flew back to look again. He was not mistaken. It was the wizened face of John Baily.

"Have you come to free me? The will is lost if I stay here ten minutes more."

"Hush! I know it. I will set you free on one consideration."

"What is that?"

"That you deliver it to me."

"I will sell it to you. I have not a cent. You must buy it if you want it."

"How much?"

"Ten thousand."

"Five."

"Ten, or I stay here and let Effingham have it. Every minute counts."

"Ten be it, then."

"Give me something for security. I am not fool enough to trust you."

"Here are three thousand down; you shall have the balance on delivery."

"It is a bargain. Quick! that Irish hound may be back any minute."

The sash was fastened too firmly to be lifted, but in a few minutes several more of the small panes were cut out, and caught by the skillful hands of the burglar.

Then a sharp chisel severed the connecting pieces of wood between the glass, and there was an opening quite large enough for a man to crawl through.

"Good! I have a ladder here."

He assisted the escaping prisoner out. Jenkins got his feet on the ladder; down it he nimbly ran; into the night the two villains vanished. And all this time Tim, proud in the consciousness of unconquerable virtue, was eating his supper in a room below.

It was an hour of danger. All the work of honesty was threatened with overthrow. And all from a momentary lack of vigilance in honesty's safeguard, Tim Finnigan.

Away went the villain hastily through the night.

"There is not a minute to lose," cried Jenkins. "The week is up. My agent may be on his way now to Effingham's house. Why did you leave it so late? Why did you not come last night?"

"I did not know where you were," was the answer. "I have had my spies out, seeking you everywhere. Only this afternoon they discovered your place of detention. I hurried to rescue you."

"And neatly succeeded."

"It was well for that Irish rascal I did. If I had failed I would have broken into the house with a party of hard-bitters and repaid the villain for my son's broken legs."

Eight o'clock was striking as they crossed the ferry to New York. At half-past eight they were whirling far up-town on the Elevated.

It struck nine as they reached a house in the upper part of the city near the Park.

There was a woman present in the room which they entered. She fell back in an attitude of astonishment on seeing Jenkins.

"What is the matter?" he yelled, springing forward and grasping her arm. "What has happened? Where's Lucy?"

"She is back in the kitchen."

"And Tom?"

"The time was up. Your orders were strict. We obeyed them."

"He is gone? With the package?"

"Yes. Half an hour ago."

A fierce oath came from the man's lips, as he flung her arm away. He pressed his hand to his forehead, while Baily looked as if he would sink through the floor.

"Fool that I was! What brought me here? Why did I not fly to intercept him? Come, it may be time yet. He is a lazy rogue."

Baily sprang erect at this renewal of hope. Out of the house they dashed like wild men. They rushed furiously along the street. A cab was passing some distance ahead.

A quick hail brought it to a halt.

"Is your horse fresh?"

"You can bet your life on that."

"Then drive like Jehu to Fifth avenue and Seventy-ninth street. Five dollars if you can set us there in five minutes."

They jumped hastily in.

"I'll try."

The cab whirled furiously through the deserted street. The whip of the coachman was plied without stint. Yet it seemed to creep to the eager men within.

At length it drew sharply up.

"Here you are."

"You were ten minutes, you snail."

"Ten seconds inside of five. Hand over that fee."

While Baily was paying him Jenkins hurried on a short distance along the street. He stopped in front of a fine-looking mansion.

"No sign of him. I hope to Heaven we have headed him off."

"Shall we ring and make inquiry of the servant?"

"No, no. That will do no good."

As he spoke the door of the mansion opened and a slim, boyish figure stepped out. The door closed behind him.

"Tom!" cried Jenkins, in a tone of despair. "Is it you? Have you—"

"Obeyed orders, governor," answered Tom, with a wink. "You never seen a gladder man in your life. He gave me a ten on the spot, and promised to make a man of me."

Of this speech, however, the listeners heard but the first two words. It was too late. They had played and lost. One wild thought to break into the house and recover the will by force rose in Baily's mind.

He stood in a moment's hesitating thought, and then turned to his companion.

To his surprise no one was there. Jenkins was half a block down the street, preceded by this nimble boy.

Baily started after him as he remembered the three thousand dollars he had given him. But ere he had taken ten steps his strength suddenly failed him. With a groan of despair he sunk like a dead log to the pavement.

Two hours afterward there came a fierce ring at the door of the house in Hoboken. Tim hastened to the door, in a little alarm at this sharp summons.

"Mr. Effingham!" he exclaimed.

"The same, Tim. You are a genius, my boy. Our game has worked like a charm. I have the lost will. You can let your prisoner loose. But I must bribe him first. I may need his aid to prove the will."

"Talk 'bout your detectives," said Tim proudly. "We're the boys afther all. Sure an' he's guv me throuble enough, and he tried to buy me out an' out this afthernoon. But I wasn't fur sale. Come out here, me darlin', ye're a free man, an' bad 'cess to you."

He flung open the door. To their surprise they gazed into an empty room, with a yawning gap in its lately sound window.

Yet good luck had befriended them. The lost will was safe! A half-hour's delay in the escape of the criminal had exposed his villainy, and given the fortune back to its rightful owner.

We need not dwell long on the subsequent

events. It is true that Baily contested the recovered will in the courts. But Jenkins was found through the aid of the police, and the deep-laid scheme of fraud laid bare.

After a long trial the court adjudged the property, and all the ill-gotten gains which had been made from it, to its rightful owner, Edward Effingham.

The judgment was so severe, indeed, that it would have left Baily and his son in a state of destitution had Effingham taken full advantage of it.

"But sure an' I'd not do that same," remarked Tim, whose advice had been listened to through all this business. "I don't see as I've much r'ason to love 'em, but when I see Spencer Baily stumpin' around on his one leg, and his old daddy lookin' like a dried watermelon, it takes the sperit right out o' me. I've brung 'em down to me own level, and that's revenge enough fur Tim, the Leveler."

"And for me," answered Mr. Effingham, "I will see that they have a competence. But only on condition that they cease their villainies. They have played the rascal quite long enough. And, now, Tim, what have you in view?"

"A weddin' sur. Me and Kathleen has only been waitin' till yerself was free to kiss the bride, and dance to the swate music o' the Irish pipes."

"But after the wedding?"

"Ye kin git me a job on the road ag'in. I'll trust to ye, sur."

"On the road, you ninny! Then you don't know that there's as pretty a farm as York State holds waiting for you this minute, ten miles outside the city; and stocked and paid for, you goose?"

"Mr. Effingham!"

"It's the truth, every word of it."

"Then may all the saints shut the gates o' purgatory, and take ye straight into Heaven, and that by the front door, is Tim Finnigan's prayer."

We would like to tell the whole story of the wedding, with its jigs and its pipes, and its flowing bowl of punch. And we would like to take the reader to visit Tim and Kathleen upon the farm, and show their chickens, their pigs and their pumpkins, "their pays and their praties."

But we've only got time to say, before bidding good-by to them all, that no happier couple ever scraped the soil of the New World, no such pigs and potatoes were ever seen even in old Ireland itself, and that no handsomer lad and lass ever danced through life to the rattling tune of an Irish jig, than Tim and his darling Kathleen.

THE END.

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